CLINTON'S BETRAYAL OF PEOPLE WITH HIV—*THE EDITORS*

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

Jed Perl on Beat culture • Charles Lane on Al Gore's Russia

LIKE RACE,

Should men and women be separate but equal?

Jeffrey Rosen on the court case that could change the face of civil rights

LIKE GENDER?

Meanwhile, the Republican Meltdown Continues...

Michael Lewis hunts for Dole

[illegible] defends him

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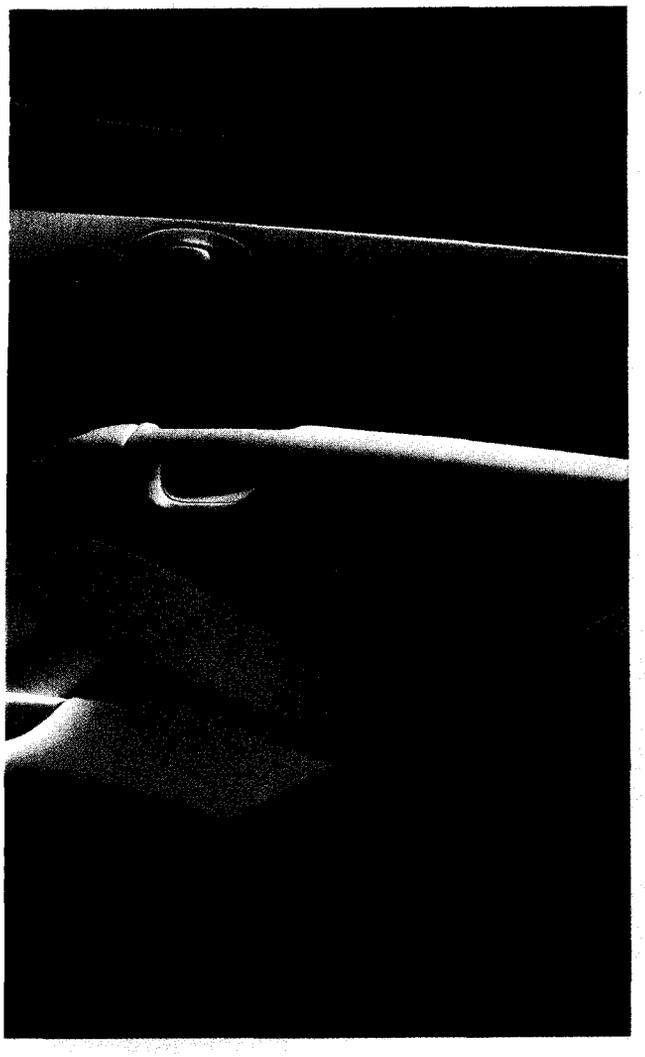

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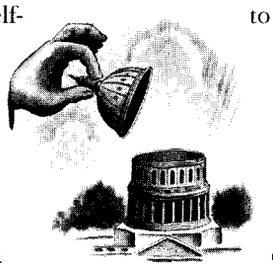
FROM WASHINGTON

Love that Bob

Talk about piling on. Between the GOP panic and the media pounce, you'd think Bob Dole had announced, after the State of the Union, that *he'd* killed Nicole instead of merely offering a sober little counterpoint to what would always be the president's night. *Newsweek*'s cover warned of new "Doubts About Dole." *Time* dubbed him a "National Mortician" set to usher in an "Era of Darkness." The conservative *Weekly Standard* lamented a front-runner who seemed "nervous, old, halting and confused." Ralph Reed thought Dole's performance was a "debacle," and even Limbaugh called it "lackluster."

Well: I'm hardly in the business of calming frantic Republicans; and I know we're in the media age, when even Churchill might fail the test of The Tube. But did anyone actually listen to Dole's speech? Or read it afterwards? Yes, it served up mindless muck to sate reactionary primary voters. But there was more. "The point of our lives," Dole suggested, " ... is to raise children who are smarter and healthier and nobler than we are." "In every generation," he went on, "Americans made ... sacrifices and found in their making a purpose and a direction to life." Cynics may scoff, but these phrases linger, floating in juxtaposition to one from Bill Clinton's last State of the Union, in 1995. "My fellow Americans," Clinton said then, in a moment of inadvertent self-parody, "every single survey shows ... "



Heaven knows Bob Dole is no philosopher, any more than Bill Clinton is merely a hologram. But if Dole is overcoming a lifelong reticence to give the nation he wants to lead a glimpse of his soul, we may profit by the sight. The rush to bury Dole bears all the hallmarks of a typical Beltway lurch, a function of the bogus media "need" for narrative twists, plus the axiom that polls always tighten in the weeks before voting. Next week, no doubt, Forbes's tax returns or Newt's regrets or Hillary's memory will send spinners scurrying elsewhere. What they'll leave undiminished, but also unexplored, is a life and a record that offers much to commend Bob Dole as a candidate for president.

Perseverance, courage, self-discipline. As Richard Ben Cramer's indispensable odyssey, *What It Takes*, details, young Bob's self-image was shaped by his basketball prowess and physical strength. It takes an act of imagination to see Dole that way today, half a century after his body was blown apart in Italy in 1945. Years of recovery followed, in and out of hospitals, during which time Dole dropped from 190 to 120 pounds and at times was thought certain to die.

To rebuild himself, Dole worked out endlessly with weights in the garage behind his parents' house, haunted by the idea that he'd end up selling pencils from a cup in downtown Russell, Kansas. One day they found him "hanging from the rafters by his bad right arm ... soaked and trembling with sweat and pain," trying to straighten out the arm so he could play basketball again. Interestingly, for a man whose public persona seems so unsentimental, Dole found comfort in the *Carousel* ballad, "You'll Never Walk Alone," which he played over and over again. Later, his young wife would have his food cut up for him in the kitchen when they dined out with friends, to spare him the shame of her cutting it for him.

It's impossible not to be moved by Dole's struggles and the capacity for empathy they must have bred. He grew up poor enough that, for a time, his father rented out the house and moved the whole family into the basement to get by. This experience of hardship may be the wellspring of fairness that prompts Dole to dismiss nonsense like the flat tax out of hand. And though supply-siders may moan that Dole's not with the program, his instinct for ensuring that average folks don't end up funding breaks for the rich could help save the GOP from its own worst excesses. Meanwhile, election-year questions on affirmative action aside, Dole's commitment to civil rights dates back to the 1960s, when he voted for the original civil and voting rights acts while Goldwater ranted against them.

And there's another point in Dole's favor: honesty. Unlike his party's propagandists, Dole knows the whole premise

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Beethoven Was Only 5'4".

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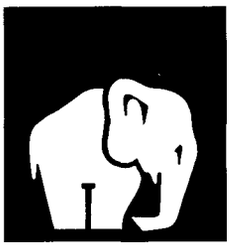

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CORRESPONDENCE

The daddy track

To the editors:

I worked closely with Pat Buchanan during his stint at the Reagan White House and know firsthand that Charles Lane's descriptions of those years are flatly untrue ("Daddy's Boy," January 22).

Lane writes that a scorching Buchanan op-ed doomed aid to the Nicaraguan democratic resistance in 1986. Nonsense. Those Democrats who voted against the package may have offered up Pat's prose as an excuse, but it's a lame one. And Lane's source for this and other anecdotes about that time is unreliable—the memoir of a spiteful lightweight, former Reagan press secretary Larry Speakes.

Pat was never "relegated to a windowless basement office." He had a large suite down the hall from President Reagan from day one. He didn't lose a "bureaucratic struggle" with Don Regan's top aides, the so-called "mice"—he just ignored them. The trivia with which Lane is obsessed is the kind that preoccupies many presidential aides. Buchanan and his team were there to promote the Reagan Revolution, not to worry about parking spaces.

Finally, Pat was never in danger of being fired. He walked out with head high and on his own schedule. Few of his detractors can claim as much.

JOSEPH D. RODOTA JR.
Deputy Chief of Staff,
Governor Pete Wilson,
Sacramento, California

To the editors:

Charles Lane's article on Pat Buchanan failed to mention Buchanan's lack of military service. Surely it is important for us to know why someone as rough and tumble as Buchanan was never in a war where he could have done some "real scrappin'." Surely it is more important to know why, as potential commander-in-chief of our armed services, Buchanan was not in the armed services during the Vietnam war.

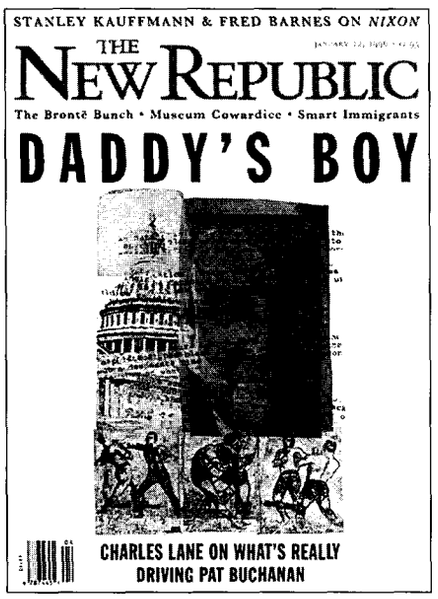
FRANK D. FERRARA
Chicago, Illinois

Wait a moment

To the editors:

In an October 30 letter to TNR, Michael Oppenheimer declares that my book *A Moment on the Earth* contains "literally hundreds of quite basic scientific errors" of which, mysteriously, he can identify "only some." TNR readers should know that Oppenheimer is an employee of the Environmental Defense Fund, which is criticized in *A Moment on the Earth.* Though he purports to be a scientist, by profession Oppenheimer is a hired hand of a lobbying organization.

Oppenheimer cites as evidence an EDF broadside against my book. The errors the EDF cites are actually differences of opinion, or statements where the EDF is in error. For instance, the EDF claims I erred by writing that the United Nations greenhouse study panel called the IPCC was lowering its estimate for global warning. The latest IPCC report does exactly that, the lowered forecast being the subject of a recent



Washington Post article.

Oppenheimer's own book on the environment, *Dead Heat* (1990), is so confuted with ridiculous assertions that his own coauthor, Robert Boyle, has resorted to rationalizing the volume as intended partly to be "fictive." For instance, *Dead Heat* predicts that by 1995 U.S. agriculture could collapse owing to global warming, with the catastrophe so bleak that the Mexican police would "round up illegal American immigrants" streaming into Mexico.

Readers should also know that *A Moment on the Earth* has been commended by, among others in the science world, Jesse Ausubel, head of the environment program at Rockefeller University; Lynn Margulis of the University of Massachusetts, she perhaps the world's pre-eminent academic ecologist; Frederick Seitz, past president of the National Academy of Sciences; and Jeremy Stone, current president of the Federation of American Scientists. Somehow I doubt that basic science errors would have tricked all these people.

GREGG EASTERBROOK
Brussels, Belgium

Cornhusking 101

To the editors:

If you had bothered to inquire beyond the legend now passing for fact about the University of Nebraska-Lincoln football program, you might have written another piece (Notebook, January 22). Lawrence Phillips assaulted his former girlfriend. He did receive special treatment because he was a football player—Coach Tom Osborne suspended Phillips in the middle of a season in which the Cornhuskers were pursuing a national championship. Osborne, a Ph.D. in educational psychology, maintained that Phillips needed the structure of the football program and allowed him to rejoin the team after seven weeks. TNR claims it would be more accurate to say that Osborne needed Phillips. Hardly. During the time Phillips was out, Nebraska defeated two top ten teams handily on the road.

JAMES B. MILLIKEN
Vice President, University of Nebraska
Lincoln, Nebraska

New democrats

To the editors:

I know that arguing with reviewers is (in both senses) a vain enterprise, but how can I not offer some reply to Fareed Zakaria, the ideological detective who has figured out not only that my earlier book *Strong Democracy* had as its "animating purpose ... an attack on America's distinctive political theory, liberal constitutionalism" but that my new book is actually "a wholesale refutation, unacknowledged or unwitting, of [the] long-standing public philosophy" *Strong Democracy* itself represented—"a diatribe against the effects of unchecked participation by the masses" ("Paris Is Burning," January 22).

Well, not quite. With respect to the "attack on America's distinctive political tradition," I believe America still possesses a number of distinctive political traditions and that Jefferson was as American as Madison, Walt Whitman no less a Yank than Walter Lippmann, John Dewey and Hannah Arendt worthy American adversaries of Herbert Hoover and, shall we say, Fareed Zakaria. What I undertook in *Strong Democracy* was to affirm the democratic current in the great river of our pluralistic politics. Zakaria, however, like so

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many defenders of reactionary mono-Americanism before him, sees in a critic of Madison an un-American enemy of distinctively American traditions.

Now, a review is a perfectly appropriate place to air ideological quarrels, once the argument of an adversary has been fairly depicted. But Zakaria can't quite bring himself to portray the arguments he wishes to disdain. Hence, on the way to assailing *Jihad Versus McWorld*, he gets both Jihad and McWorld wrong.

Take Jihad: having acknowledged quite correctly that I use the term to refer not literally to Islam but as a metaphor for radical particularism, parochialism and antimodernism, he then indulges himself in a pedantic harangue that assumes a literal use. I misread Islam, he writes, as a "monolith ... inhospitable to democracy" and, to boot, I am ignorant enough to think it is found only in Arab nations, oblivious to countries like Pakistan. Except that, on page 207, I write "nations like Pakistan and Afghanistan and Sudan have become or seem likely to become even less democratic than they were as Islamic fundamentalism becomes more powerful." Far from treating it as a reactionary monolith, I insist Islam "has universalist tendencies and while hardly ecumenical, it has displayed considerable tolerance for other religions."

Zakaria also misses what is at stake in the argument I make about McWorld—the contradictory "diatribe" noted above. Zakaria would like us to think that markets are surrogates for democratic sovereignty because they let us vote with our dollars; and it follows, since I am a critic of unregulated markets, I am necessarily a critic of democracy (what Zakaria calls government by "the masses"). This is where Zakaria's review goes astray. The difference between what he calls "the hasty choice" of the voter and the "careful decisions the same person makes" when he buys a car obliterates the crucial distinction between the private consumer and the public citizen. In the marketplace or in the mall the only relevant question is, "What do I want?" At the voting booth the question is always, "What's good for us, what do we want?" It is this reasoning that permits me to charge that unregulated markets are deadly to civil society when they are not counterbalanced by civic responsibility and democratic institutions.

In ridiculing my civic anxiety in the face of the power of companies like Coca-Cola, Zakaria challenges the reader to imagine the British East India Company, a Coca-Cola with its "own army, its own courts, its own laws." I actually imagine something far more fearful, a Coca-Cola company without an army, without courts and without its own laws, that still manages to culturally colonize much of the planet.

No, there is no contradiction between *Strong Democracy* and *Jihad Versus McWorld*. The latter argues that the kinds of participatory democracy and civil society championed in the former book are unlikely to survive the sorts of blood tribalism and market hegemony described in the latter. Neither McWorld with its hungry consumers nor Jihad with its tribal brothers has much to say about our commonweal, whether it denotes a sustainable environment, social justice or regulatory standards that facilitate genuine capitalist competition. For such goods, we need citizens. And where are we to get them if the only schools of democracy left to us are tribal firesides or commercial malls?

BENJAMIN R. BARBER
Piscataway Township, New Jersey

Globetrotters

To the editors:

Martin Peretz, in his peripatetic attack on Palestinians, Muslims, Yasir Arafat, the grand mufti of Jerusalem, Shimon Peres and, first and always, *The Boston Globe* ("Global Vision," January 22), makes the assertion that no daily publication in the country has painted a more "consistently unflattering portrait of Israel" than our own.

I am confident that the record will show that, while we were indeed consistently unflattering of the previous, Likud-led government and its vision of a Greater Israel, just as consistently have we backed the government of the late Yitzhak Rabin and Shimon Peres in their efforts to bring peace.

Perhaps, then, Mr. Peretz's problem is not that we are unflattering of Israel, but insufficiently pro-Likud?

H.D.S. GREENWAY
Editorial Page Editor, The Boston Globe
Boston, Massachusetts

Martin Peretz replies:

The fact that Mr. Greenway seems to think (or feigns thinking) that I have been a supporter of Likud policies demonstrates the bias of which I wrote.

To the editors:

Martin Peretz's "Global Vision" seems informed by some remnant of trust and faith in the honesty of *The Boston Globe*. One would hope that's merely a rhetorical device.

JOEL ROSENBERG
Minneapolis, Minnesota

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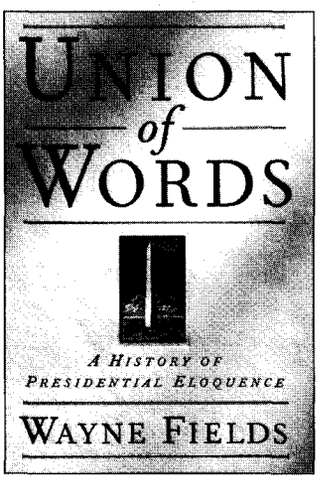

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Where We Stand

By Albert Shanker, President
American Federation of Teachers

Truths About Teaching

Some movie critics are saying the new film "Mr. Holland's Opus" is pretty good but a bit too sentimental or too long or too preachy. Don't be put off. This movie tells some important truths about what it means to be a teacher. It's also fun, and moving.

You don't have to be a teacher, or have a deep interest in education, to appreciate Richard Dreyfuss's superb portrait of a nightclub pianist who reluctantly takes a high school teaching job to feed his wife and his dream of becoming a composer. But it has special power for people who know something about the teaching life. The movie attempts an ambitious feat: to show us the development of a teacher over a 30-year career. Most movie stories span only a brief period, so you don't see how a character develops over time and is shaped by different experiences. But that's what becoming a skilled teacher is all about; it's the ongoing process of learning from experience that forges professional expertise. This is the first film to focus on that and convey its significance.

Holland learns that knowing your subject is essential, but it isn't enough to make you a teacher.

In the standard blackboard-jungle movie, an eager young teacher is thrown like fresh meat to the worst students in a tough school. A cynical senior teacher warns the new recruit not to "care" too much. After hair-raising confrontations attempting to reach the classroom thugs, the heroic teacher intervenes to help the toughest kid in a personal crisis; the class then rallies behind the teacher and they soon become the best students in the school.

"Mr. Holland's Opus" upends these clichés. The students in Mr. Holland's music appreciation course are ordinary middle class kids in a suburb. They're polite; they don't disrupt lessons; mostly, they're bored. Their teacher isn't even remotely eager. He wants to punch the time clock, keep his distance, sit quietly between classes and work on his musical "opus." Chided by the principal for his lack of involvement in the school, he sputters in frustration, "I do my job, don't I?"

But Holland has absolutely no idea what the job is. He woodenly stands with textbook in hand, asking such questions as, "Who can tell me what music is?" When he is met with silence and blank faces, he continues, "O.K., nobody here knows. Turn to page 28 in your textbook. There's a definition of music there." Then he reads it.

Indifference turns into desperation in Holland's classroom, but it's not the students'; it's his desperation to figure out how to teach. The movie shows the awful isolation of the green teacher. There's no "how to" manual, nobody around to help; it's sink or swim behind closed doors. Holland's struggle to learn is a seat-of-the-pants, trial-and-error, intuitive process; the movie has it right that a teacher who is going to be any good is constantly groping for ways to improve. Holland has decent instincts—wearing a jacket and tie, he establishes decorum, explaining that he will call students Mr. or Miss So and So and they will call him Mr. Holland. But he can't seem to get anything more than order out of his class. Until one day, on the edge of panic, he turns to the piano that has been sitting unused and plays a theme from a pop song the students all know. "Who wrote this?" They snicker. "Johann Sebastian Bach." Jaws drop. But it's Holland who has made the breakthrough. He's learned that knowing your subject is essential but it isn't enough to make you a teacher.

We watch him become increasingly skilled at connecting what he knows, loves, and is able to do with the world of his students. He teaches to the whole class and expects everyone to "get it," but he also figures out ways to reach students individually. Like many teachers, he also starts taking on lots of additional responsibilities—tutoring after school, building the school orchestra, starting a marching band, directing the annual student musical. Mr. Holland, in fact, has become a teacher and a very able one.

"Mr. Holland's Opus" is good on a lot of things about teaching. It suggests how physically grueling and emotionally demanding the work is; how great a commitment of time and self is required; where the motivation to teach comes from (love, not money); and how odd and unexpected gifts, and more than a little courage, can make an ordinary person an extraordinary teacher.

The movie is also an impassioned demonstration that art and music are not educational frills. They are academically sound ways to engage young people in learning, some of them kids who may not be reachable in any other way. But at Holland's school, the budget ax spares football, not art and music. This is happening all across the nation. I agree with Glenn Holland that it is ridiculous to suggest that the arts and music—primary means of transmitting human culture throughout history—are not among education's "basics." Without culture, he cries, students eventually will have "nothing to read or calculate." Right.

Mr. Shanker's comments appear in this ad under the auspices of the American Federation of Teachers. Reader correspondence is invited. Address your letters to Mr. Shanker at the AFT, 555 New Jersey Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20001. © 1996 by Albert Shanker.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

FEBRUARY 19, 1996

CROSSING THE LINE

Bad timing, Bill. This was the week that Magic Johnson, four and a half years after announcing he was HIV-positive, returned to play for the Los Angeles Lakers. It was the week that the latest anti-HIV drugs, protease inhibitors, in combination with other drugs, were shown in trials to have unprecedented strength against the virus. It was a week when the hundreds of thousands of people struggling with the AIDS epidemic, and the millions who comprise their families and friends, could begin to have some real hope for the future. It was also the week that the president agreed to sign a bill that would discharge over 1,000 healthy, asymptomatic people with HIV from the military he commands.

Even by Clinton's standards, this was a new low in political expediency. Sure, he didn't come up with this proposal by himself; he was cornered into it. The proposal to discharge all HIV-positive military personnel was cynically attached to the vast defense authorization bill by Republican congressman and presidential candidate Robert Dornan. The military, which has an exemplary record in dealing with HIV-positive personnel, didn't want it; even Senator Sam Nunn, whose discomfort with homosexuality is palpable, opposed it. The president had vetoed the entire bill once; and there would have been a political price to pay if he vetoed it again, delaying, once more, a pay raise for military personnel.

Yes, we know, politics is politics. Compromises are sometimes necessary. But there are some things that decent people will not do, some lines they will not cross, some convictions they simply will not abandon. One of those convictions, surely, is that people who serve their country well, while battling a deadly disease, should not be thrown out of work for no good reason. Do you hold up the entire Pentagon to stand by such a conviction? Yes, you do. If that means a military pay raise is rejected, it's Dornan's fault, not Clinton's. The president has vetoed twelve bills in this Congress because they didn't "reflect our values." If being fair to the sick does not reflect our values, then what does?

Dornan defends his proposal by arguing that HIV-positive personnel are a drag on the military. Treated differently than other service-members—they are restricted from combat and from duty overseas—they allegedly impair military effectiveness. But the same rules that apply to HIV-positive troops apply to anyone in the military with a disabling condition, including asthma, cancer, diabetes, heart disease and pregnancy; and Dornan is proposing no discharge for anybody else. Besides, Pentagon officials in a recent memo to Congress argued that "we see no prudent reason to separate and replace" HIV-positive troops.

The ironies are particularly rich. Republicans who wanted to keep the gay ban because the military should have complete freedom in its own affairs now want to countermand the military to impose their own "moral" agenda. Firing an HIV-positive employee in the private sector for no good reason is illegal thanks to the Americans with Disabilities Act. The military is now obliged to do so by law. The economic cost is also prohibitive. Over 1,000 expensively trained people will be thrown out of the military: doctors, mechanics, lawyers, intelligence officers, computer specialists—many of the people that make our military the best in the world.

The administration has let it be known that it will try to reverse the decision by new legislation (to be introduced by Senators Nunn and Ted Kennedy) and to ease the disruption to disability and medical insurance for those discharged. But it's by no means clear whether what has already been accepted can now be undone—either by the Congress or the president. The ultimate responsibility belongs, of course, to Dornan, and those Republicans who tolerate him. But Bill Clinton has also shown something it will be hard to forget: he is truly capable of anything. His hypocrisy is as chilling as Dornan's bigotry. How many times have we heard the president "feel people's pain," empathize with their plight, express his compassion? A mere two months ago, Clinton offered these blandishments: "AIDS-related discrimination, unfortunately, remains a problem that offends America's conscience.... I say this with clear knowledge, experience and conviction—every person with HIV or AIDS is somebody's son or daughter, somebody's brother or sister, somebody's parent, somebody's grandparent." We now know those words were and are meaningless. We only hope he has the decency never to speak them again. •

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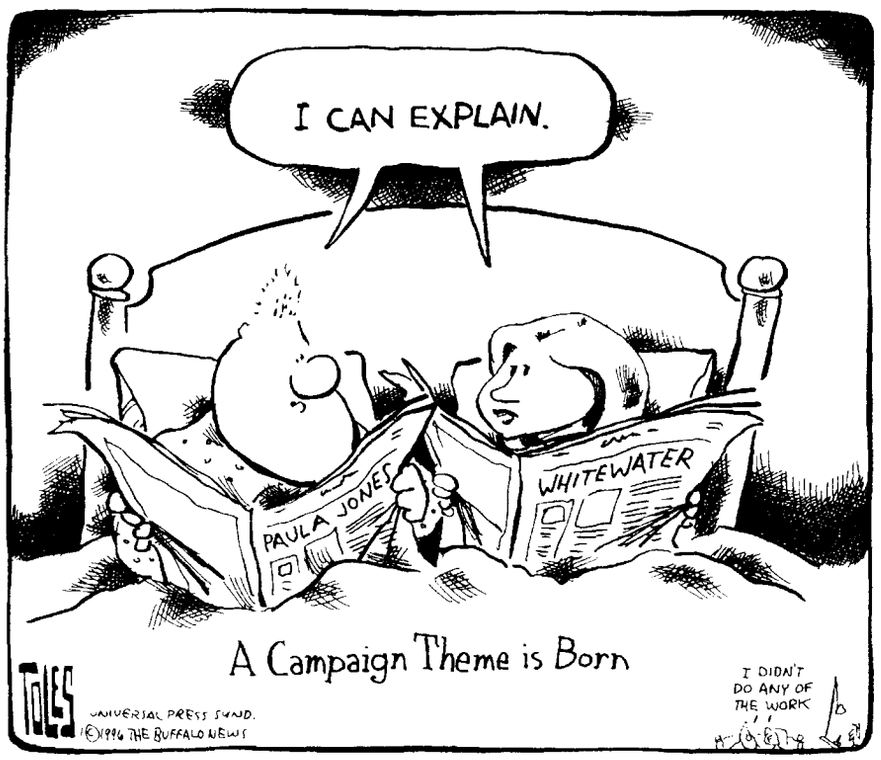
NOTEBOOK

SIC TRANSIT: A man who set up a World Wide Web site where visitors could "explode" Bob Dole's head was questioned by the Secret Service.... When the Associated Press asked presidential candidates what other career they might have chosen, Bob Dornan responded "archaeologist-missionary-exorcist." ... The majority leader of the Washington State Senate apologized for calling Congresswoman Linda Smith "a self-promoting, miserable bitch." ... The Senate Office of the Sergeant-At-Arms is offering a "Work Yoga Program" that promises to nurture the legislator's mind, body and spirit into balance.... "Your Furlough Guide" is now available for $5 to federal employees.



STEVE'S SECRET: In public appearances, the thin-lipped millionaire Steve Forbes is emerging as the most uptight of the presidential candidates. But on at least one social issue—abortion—he turns out to be surprisingly flexible. Though Forbes would ban the procedure in the third trimester of pregnancy, he has said he believes we lack the "social consensus" to outlaw abortion. He has refused to support a pro-life constitutional amendment and has solicited the mailing list of Republicans for Choice. And instead of paying obeisance to the pro-family right, he's called Christian Coalition president Pat Robertson a "toothy flake." Not surprisingly, Ralph Reed and Phyllis Schlafly have responded with their usual blitzkrieg of faxes and press releases. The head of Iowa Right to Life has even accused him of not being "pro-family." But in a development that could have long-term implications for Republican coalition politics, the campaign hasn't dented his growing support. According to a recent poll, Forbes is now running five points ahead of Bob Dole in staunchly conservative New Hampshire. Dole, whose moderate cultural politics have been squelched by months of campaign overthink, must be kicking himself.

MORE THAN ONE: On January 28, 1996, the world became a stupider place. Joseph Brodsky died. This jaunty, thinking, lovable, burning man was, in his work and in his person, what used to be called a world-historical figure. He owed his magnitude, of course, to his biography, which is well-known: born in Leningrad in 1940; denounced for "pornographic and anti-Soviet poetry," and harassed by the Soviet authorities, and imprisoned in a mental institution, and tried secretly in February 1964 for "social parasitism"; condemned to five years of hard labor in the freezing northern region called Arkhangelsk, where he passed his evenings learning English from a tattered anthology of English and American poetry; returned to Leningrad, a year and a half into his sentence, owing to international pressure; banished from the Soviet Union in 1972, after which he made his way to the United States, whose poet laureate he cheerfully became; the Nobel Prize for literature in 1987. But the Brodskyan dimensions were not established only by external events. This was a huge-souled figure, whose inner force was fully the match, in power and in complication, of the outer force that tried, and failed, to extinguish it. Brodsky was not only brave. He also had something to say. He was a great big bear of idealism. Not idealism in the sunny psychological sense, that prepares one for the best: he always prepared himself for the worst, and he saw the comedy in pessimism's endless preparations. (He combined a pessimism about human nature with an optimism about human freedom in a way that made him a perfect American.) No, he was a sublimely unpsychological man, and his idealism consisted in the unreconstructed belief that the ideal is real; that the invisible is the proper prize for our dealings with the visible; that as the world moves from the high to the low, we must move from the low to the high, and discover the blessing in being its instrument. "What dictates a poem is the language": this typical sentence, from 1977, is not formalism, it is spiritualism; or if you will, it is classicism conceived as a spiritual practice. For American readers, Brodsky's poetry was trapped in Russian

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(and his English poems did not altogether escape the trap—but who will ever honor the language in that way again?); but when he read his poems in the original, when he stood unkeening and closed his eyes and chanted his verses, as if they were not things he had created but things he had discovered, the sacerdotal character of his calling was startlingly plain. Happy was the modern man who was unembarrassed by the visionary prospect. All this, and so *smart.* Brodsky's mind was like no other: he thought analytically in images, he sharpened ideas by treating them poetically. He had answers for so many questions; and he had so many questions. He drank, he smoked, he wrote (in these pages, too), he talked, he helped friends and strangers, he defeated dictators, he lived intrinsically. Until he stopped, he never stopped. As his beloved Hardy wrote, "These were the things we wished would stay; /But they were going." Now they are gone. In 1963, he wrote an *Elegy for John Donne,* and these are its concluding lines, with two words altered:

> Sleep, Joseph Brodsky, sleep. Sleep soundly, do not fret
> your soul. As for your coat, it's torn; all limp
> it hangs. But see, there from the clouds will shine
> that Star which made your world endure till now.

CAMPAIGN JOURNAL

PIG HEAVEN

By Michael Lewis

January 29:

I had a choice between spending the day with Bob Dole's busload of journalists or with a 24-year-old organizer for Expose the Right, the liberal activist group that turns up in some form or another at every public event held by every candidate in Iowa and New Hampshire. Both were heading to Mason City in Northern Iowa, the place from which the plane that killed Buddy Holly took off, and where Bob Dole's plane was soon meant to land. In other words, I had no choice.

I first noticed the Expose the Right people at the big Iowa debate. A hundred people with bright orange signs and a chant, which they hollered over and over: "THE RIGHT IS WRONG." I was in such a rush to find Morry Taylor that I didn't pay much attention to what they wanted at the time, but I do recall steering clear of them, as I used to steer clear of the anti-vivisectionists on Madison Avenue. I had the same feeling I always have when I see large groups of people chanting loudly and waving signs; that is, I was fairly certain that I was a part of whatever it was they were protesting against. So you can imagine my surprise when I discovered that Expose the Right consisted of people who believe pretty much what I believe. I never thought that my beliefs such as they are could be represented in the same tone as an anti-vivisectionist's. Obviously the desire to chant exists independently from the desire to see a set of policies enacted.

Strangely, the initial effect of learning this was to make me feel more sympathetic toward the opposition. Now I know that somewhere in the universe is someone who stands passionately against abortion, gays in the military and gun control but who feels uneasy about joining in with a group to chant about it.

It turns out that the Expose the Right group is a wholly owned subsidiary of People for the American Way, which is a sort of an institutional antibody of the Christian Coalition. The group is comprised of about two dozen people in their early 20s who have been sent to Iowa and New Hampshire from someplace else. They have been here for only a few weeks, though from my own brief experience I can understand when they say that it feels like a year. Their job is to chant, wave signs and put a fine point on the views of all nine candidates on a range of social issues. An Expose the Right activist armed with a carefully prepared question infiltrates the audience of every public political event in Iowa and New Hampshire. "We want people to be held accountable for their views," says Tom Andrews, the director of the project. "They need to be able to answer a direct question in a direct way." Each answer is tape-recorded, transcribed and stored in the Expose the Right files. If the candidate ducks, he is asked the same question over and over, pummeled into submission or, more commonly, humiliation.

Whatever else it is, it is a brilliantly simple and cheap (only about 300 grand for both Iowa and New Hampshire) technique for wreaking havoc with any candidate who is either trying to fudge his views or simply does not have any. Relentless, systematic questioning about homos and fetuses is exactly what most of the Republican candidates do not want. Only two of the candidates have bothered to engage Expose the Right: Alan Keyes and Morry. As he entered the studio for the big Iowa debate, Keyes lunged into the crowd of protesters and attacked them for their immorality. Brave as it was, it was hardly surprising. Keyes, like Buchanan—like all moralists—thrives on opposition. The opposition defines him. If they didn't already exist he'd probably pay money to have a bunch of kids outside each event waving bright orange signs and shouting questions about homos and fetuses. Morry, on the other hand, just wondered who they were and what they were up to. Apparently he spotted them looking lonely in the corner of a banquet hall and wandered over to tell them about the importance of making a living.

The lengths to which a candidate will go to evade the Expose the Rightists is a measure of his discomfort in his political skin; and so it is interesting that by far the most uncomfortable of the bunch is Dole. Dole is the only one who has thrown Expose the Right out of his

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events. He did it a week or so ago in Hotel Fort Des Moines, at an event staged by Pat Boone and Elizabeth Dole called Families For Bob Dole. The event had been advertised that morning on "The Today Show," but the Dole people flipped when they spotted the tiny orange cluster from Expose the Right. Dole wasn't even there; he spoke over a phone line. Still his henchmen muscled the Rightists out of the room and called the hotel manager. Whatever they told him caused the normally benign fellow to become Rambo. "In ninety seconds I become your adversary," he told the Expose the Rightists, absurdly. He didn't even let them keep warm in his lobby until a taxi came, but tossed them out into the night with zero-degree temperatures and sixty-mile-an-hour winds.

In the past week the Dole camp has tried to disguise the movements of their candidate—refusing to tell ordinary Iowans who call in to headquarters where to find Dole on the trail for fear they may really be Expose the Rightists. It's a nice illustration of the way suspicion of one's opponents leads inexorably to suspicion of the entire electorate. Maybe that is why the most successful politicians insist on engaging with everyone, including perceived opponents.

Sadly, it turns out that the choice between Expose the Right and Dole was like the choice between door number one and door number two; I chose two and won the live cow instead of the new Camaro. At 7:00 in the morning the sky rose clear and blue over a snowy Iowa landscape; no one in his right mind would imagine that disaster lay ahead. But an hour into the drive the wind started whipping, and we were in the middle of a hellish whiteout. The sky was still clear and blue, but you could not see more than a few feet in front of the windshield. Exhausted but unbowed we rolled up beside an aircraft hangar to discover a young Dole aide sleeping inside his car, waiting for any idiots who had been fooled by Dole's misinformation campaign.

January 30:

This morning the first poll showed Steve Forbes leading Dole in New Hampshire, 29-24. Word arrives that Pat Buchanan has won the Alaska Caucus with 33 percent of the vote and that Forbes finished second two points behind. I know that Dole is meant to have a lock on the nomination, but it is hard to see why. No one is for him; he's the default candidate. As a result there is a Ponzi-scheme aspect to Dole's support. People say they are for him not because he lights a fire under them, but because they think he is going to win. The minute that changes the Dole campaign collapses like a penny stock; everyone who wants to vote or to work for the winner will go racing around looking for him. That's why just about everyone in the race except perhaps Bob Dornan and Richard Lugar sounds rather plausible when he explains how he can win.

I joined the truth squad from Expose the Right in their continued efforts to upend Dole. They wouldn't put it that way, of course. They would say that they have been trying for a couple of days to clarify Dole's position on discrimination against homosexuals in the workplace. But to ask Dole to state his position on gays clearly is to upend him, as Tabitha Soren, of all people, recently proved on MTV. In the transcripts of the past two days on file at Expose the Right, Dole comes across as an unwilling pinball bouncing around inside a hostile machine. Here are two examples:

Three days ago at a press conference in Manchester, New Hampshire:

EXPOSE: "Senator Dole, earlier today you said that you were opposed to discrimination."
DOLE: "That's right, oh yeah, I'm opposed to discrimination."
EXPOSE: "... Would you endorse legislation that would make it illegal to discriminate against gay men and women?"
(He turns away.)
EXPOSE: "Senator Dole ... "
DOLE: "We're not having a press conference."

Yesterday in Marshalltown, Iowa:

EXPOSE: "You told a People for the American Way member in New Hampshire that you were against dismissing someone because they were lesbian or gay."
DOLE: "No, I think I said I didn't believe in discrimination."
EXPOSE: (Tries again to push with the question.)
DOLE: "I don't believe in discrimination, and I know the question that.... You people have been following me everywhere. We're very happy to have you in Iowa. Anybody else have a question?"

Today Dole is speaking to the Iowa Pork Congress. Basically it is a convention of people who raise pigs for slaughter, together with their sundry loved ones. Down on the convention floor, beneath countless photographs of swine, mingle young beauty queens with banners across their chests denoting distant corners of the pork empire. Above them on the second floor Dole is speaking to their fathers.

I only watched Dole for about twenty minutes and so didn't get a very good feel for him. I was struck, however, by how often he refers to himself in the third person. In twenty minutes Dole used his own name twenty-seven times. "Bob Dole keeps his word." "If the farmers show up, Bob Dole'll win big time." "No one has accused Bob Dole of going in for dramatics." I once had a Korean roommate whose English was a bit rough who did the same thing. When he was tired he would say, "Young Suk is tired." When he was hungry he would say, "Young Suk is very hungry." Is Bob Dole secretly Korean?

When he finishes he agrees to take questions, and I turn and survey the crowd. Somewhere in it are a pair of Expose the Right activists, poised once again to pounce on Dole with the gay rights questions. "Are they disguised?" I asked their truth-squad leader. There's no need, she explained, "because they are just ordinary Iowans." The crowd conforms to a surprising degree to a city boy's expectations about pig farmers. Of the sixty people present, fifty-eight are middle-aged men wearing serious expressions with their arms folded uncomfortably over large bellies. Two young women sit

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off to one side. One wears a mohair vest, the other a t-shirt that reads: "NO WOMAN IS REQUIRED TO BUILD THE WORLD BY DESTROYING HERSELF." These are no pig farmers, I suspect, and wonder if Dole harbors the same suspicion.

He doesn't. Rather than choose a fellow who looks like a pig farmer—perhaps he suspects a ploy—Dole opts for one of the women. The minute she rises, however, Dole realizes what he has done and shifts his weight unhappily. As she speaks, his mouth forms a perfect O, like a cartoon character expressing surprise.

YOUNG WOMAN: "Senator Dole, I'm from People for the American Way, and I want to know if you support legislation to prevent discrim— "
DOLE: "I *answered* that question."
YOUNG WOMAN: "Yes but do you—"
DOLE: (dismissively) "I don't believe in discrimination—"
YOUNG WOMAN: " ... believe gays should—"

"*You're not a pig farmer*!" someone shouts from the back of the room, and others soon join in. The young woman is shouted down. Dole is rescued by his ardent supporters.

That evening I drove back to Mason City to meet another truth squad, there to needle Alan Keyes. The trouble is that Keyes is delighted to be questioned about his views on social issues because he is so clear in his own mind what he believes; the intolerance that Expose the Right is exposing is precisely what Keyes is selling. Truth-squad leader Sasha convened with the activists in a small restaurant near the library where Keyes was scheduled to speak. The activists turn out to be a pair of intrepid high-school students from Des Moines and an older woman from Mason City who lovingly lays upon the table local newspaper stories about the candidates' movements in the area. While the high-school students rehearse the question for Keyes ("Do you think it is fair to compare homosexuals to satanists?") she and Sasha agree that they will wave the bright orange signs in the foyer of the library.

In the event, the signs and the question merely light Keyes's fire and harden his brimstone. The first high-school student received a five-minute oration on the evils of homosexuality that had the crowd clapping loudly; witnessing the terrible fallout, the second activist did not even bother to ask his question. Mason City tonight became the world's capital of God-fearing abstinence and righteous self-restraint.

On the way out into the cold night air I pass the older activist still gamely waving her bright orange sign with one hand and clutching her newspaper clippings with the other. I can just make out the clipping on the top of the pile. It says:

MEET MORRY TAYLOR
REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT
DINING AND DANCING AT THE SURF CLUB FROM 8 TILL 12
FREE FOOD AND BEVERAGE
PLUS A DRAWING FOR A FREE COLOR TV

Sanity is just a few miles down the road, in a town called Clear Lake, which is where Buddy Holly's plane crashed after it took off from here. •

Buchanan v. majority rule.

PAT ANSWERS

By Michael Lind

You may not have noticed, but quietly and ominously, Patrick Buchanan is laying out the intellectual case behind his claim to be the populist candidate. In a speech at the Heritage Foundation on January 29, Buchanan road-tested his populist program for constitutional reform. Denouncing the federal judiciary as "an unelected elite which serves for life and is answerable to no one," he accused them of slighting the interests of red-blooded Americans in favor of "members of various minorities, including criminals, atheists, homosexuals, flag burners, illegal aliens, convicts and pornographers."

Riled up? There's more. While Buchanan proposes to address this travesty with the standard populist panaceas—term limits for judges, recall of federal as well as state judges, voter repeal of Supreme Court decisions—one stands out in its constitutional seriousness. It is his plan to amend the Constitution by removing the requirement that Congress approve amendments before sending them to the states to be ratified. Under Buchanan's plan any state could initiate an amendment, which would then be incorporated into the Constitution if three-quarters of the states approved.

This bizarre blend of states' rights and populist revolt is presumably designed to strengthen the "silent majority"'s grip on the country. But if that's his goal, Buchanan should think again. Far from being a populist maneuver, his scheme is actually a shameless device for minority rule.

Consider the numbers. Half the American people live in the eight most populous states—California, Texas, New York, Florida, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Ohio and Michigan. The twelve largest states have roughly 166 million inhabitants—about 65 percent of the U.S. population. Under Buchanan's scheme, this 65 percent could be overruled in constitutional politics. Thirty-eight states (aggregate population, about 100 million) could ram through an amendment against the wishes of the rest. So much for majoritarianism.

Now, in Buchanan's defense it might be argued that he did not come up with the idea that three-fourths of the states can ratify amendments to the Constitution. It's in the Constitution itself, although in significantly different form. But the Founders, unlike Buchanan, have an excuse for this bad idea. (Like the equally bad idea of equal representation for the states in the Senate.) In 1790, two years after the Constitution went into

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effect, the ratio of difference in population between the largest state, Virginia (748,000), and the smallest, Delaware (59,000), was almost 13 to 1; today the difference between California and Wyoming is 66 to 1. What is more, in the early years of the republic the populations of the smallest three-quarters of the states would have added up to more than half the national total.

Still, the Founders weren't prophets and, under their system, as in Buchanan's, the twelve most populous states can be out-ratified by the lower thirty-eight. But at least the states where most Americans live have clout in proportion to their population in the House of Representatives. This prevents a national majority from being ganged up on by a minority of the American people when it comes to proposing amendments in the first place. And even in the case of the alternate method of amendment, a convention, the Constitution says that *Congress* shall call one—albeit on the application of two-thirds of the state legislatures—and presumably Congress could structure the convention to promote certain outcomes. The more you ponder the Constitution, the clearer it is that the Framers went to great lengths to prevent a majority of states—to say nothing of single states, as in Buchanan's scheme—from initiating revisions of the federal constitution.

Buchanan cannot even coherently invoke the antebellum South Carolina senator and political theorist John C. Calhoun in his defense. Calhoun, watching the numbers in the free North exceed those in the slave South, argued that constitutional government ought to rest upon the "concurrent majority"—the majority of states—as distinct from the "numerical majority," that is, the majority of Americans. But the whole point of Calhoun's concurrent majority was to *slow down* constitutional change, not to speed it up, as Buchanan wants to. Buchanan, then, is a true original. Before him, no one in the history of democratic political thought ever suggested that a numerical minority of a nation's citizens should have the unchecked power to rewrite a constitution that is binding on a majority who are opposed. And this in the cause of populist revolt!

Perhaps, though, Buchanan really has something else in mind: increasing the political weight of conservative voters indirectly, by exaggerating the (already exaggerated) power of small states—a Micro-State Strategy to complement the Southern Strategy. Size does seem like a surrogate for political ideology if you contrast big, liberal New York with small, conservative Wyoming. But wait a minute—hasn't New York elected conservative Republicans as governor, junior senator and mayor of New York City? And not all the small states are brimming with Buchananites. Not far from the rock-ribbed Republicans of New Hampshire are the aging hippies of Burlington, Vermont (which declared itself the sister city of Hanoi). The results of the 1992 presidential vote are not good news for Buchanan either. Among the ten most populous states, seven voted for Clinton and three for Bush; among the ten least populous, the ratio was even. Big deal.

Buchanan is perfectly within his rights, of course, to question the Constitution's provisions for amendment. The whole point of a constitution is to check the political class; but our Constitution gives elected politicians a monopoly on proposing amendments. Why not make the Constitution amendable, on citizen initiative, and with the ratification of a super-majority of voters nationwide (not a majority of states)? Only the most die-hard elitist would argue that, say, three-fourths or four-fifths of the American electorate cannot be trusted with such power.

Buchanan should not be criticized, then, for suggesting that the inherited procedure for amending the federal Constitution itself be amended. But when he tries to pass off an amendment-by-minority proposal as populism, he deserves to be exposed. Whatever one thinks of populism, no genuine populist would dream of allowing a minority of Americans, concentrated in small states, to override the majority of the American people and rewrite the people's charter of government. As his crackpot scheme shows, Buchanan's populism is as phony as his obsessive hatred for "members of various minorities" is real. •

NATIONAL INSECURITY

BEST BUDDIES

By Charles Lane

Straight-laced Al Gore and jowly Viktor Chernomyrdin make an unlikely pair. But the American vice president, product of St. Albans, Harvard and the U.S. Senate, and the Russian prime minister, who clawed his way to the top of a Soviet oil and gas conglomerate, share a certain seriousness of demeanor. And they actually seem to like each other. Together in Washington last week for the sixth session of their commission on U.S.-Russian cooperation, their closing press conference was peppered with "Al" this and "Viktor Stepanovich" that. The two men even relished a wry moment at the media's expense. To a reporter who asked if he had brought President Clinton a private letter from Boris Yeltsin about NATO expansion, Chernomyrdin replied: "Yes, I did." Pause for simultaneous translation. "But I didn't read it." Gore's somber façade dissolved into laughter.

Does all this bonhomie really help the U.S. deal with the ex-great power of Russia? "Demonization" of the enemy is one of foreign policy's age-old bugaboos, of course. But the opposite fallacy is "personalization"—becoming so warm and fuzzy toward another country's leader that you lose influence when your man leaves the scene. Ronald Reagan's critics, many of whom run

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Clinton administration Russia policy, accused him of demonizing the Soviet Union. Not surprisingly, critics of Clinton's support for Yeltsin and Chernomyrdin cry personalization. "Clinton has nowhere to go because he's so close to Yeltsin," says Paul Goble, a former State Department official.

But for Gore and Chernomyrdin, a little personalization has gone a long way. Generally speaking, the nuts and bolts of foreign affairs test Bill Clinton's attention span. Gore, by contrast, has long been engaged by the arcana of arms control, energy, the environment and space. Issues such as these, along with myriad legal technicalities, increasingly dominate the day-to-day bilateral relations between the two countries. With huge dollar amounts in the balance, serious business has to be conducted in detail and at a high level. The Russian economy, after all, runs—or fails to run—largely on personal connections. As prime minister, Chernomyrdin is the man to see.

The Gore-Chernomyrdin commission started as a space, energy and technology working group after the 1993 Clinton-Yeltsin summit in Vancouver. The idea was twofold: to set up yet another regular forum in which the Russians could feel they are being treated like equals and to slice the red tape that might otherwise entangle U.S. efforts to reform and open the Russian economy—especially the oil patch, which Chernomyrdin controlled as head of the Gasprom monopoly.

Since then, however, Gore-Chernomyrdin has grown into the forum where Russian and American officials hash out billions of dollars worth of joint endeavors affecting everything from the availability of diphtheria vaccine in the Russian countryside to the price of uranium burned in American nuclear reactors. Gore has used his Chernomyrdin channel to pass frank messages to Moscow about other issues: Bosnia, NATO expansion, Chechnya and, in virtually every meeting, the Russians' planned sale of a nuclear reactor to Iran.

The White House likes the idea so much it has tried to adapt it to other countries where substantial U.S. aid and investment, and large foreign policy interests, are at stake—and Gore has taken on the job. There is now a Gore-Mbeki commission with Vice President Thabo Mbeki of South Africa and a Gore-Mubarak commission with President Hosni Mubarak of Egypt. When Colin Powell was being mentioned for president or vice president, one vice presidential scenario had him doubling as Secretary of State. Minus the actual title, Gore has beat him to it.

If there's a downside to the Gore-Chernomyrdin schmoozing, it's that the matters they deal with are so complex that even when they sign a protocol or initial a letter of intent new problems can still crop up later. Take the plan under which the federally owned U.S. Enrichment Corporation (USEC) is scheduled to pay up to $12 billion over twenty years for 500 metric tons of bomb-grade uranium extracted from Russian nuclear missiles. The uranium will then be converted to a less enriched form and burned in American power plants. Nonproliferation experts hail it as a creative way to eliminate the threat of loose nukes in the former Soviet Union. But by last June, the entire transaction was in doubt; among other problems, the Russians and USEC couldn't agree on a price. In stepped Gore; in Moscow, he and Chernomyrdin announced an interim solution by which the Russians got a $100 million advance, and the first ton of nuclear fuel was shipped from Russia to the U.S. "It is now a routine matter," says an administration aide.

Not quite. The domestic nuclear industry objects that the deal amounts to "dumping" of Russian uranium. In Moscow, Gore had promised Chernomyrdin a waiver of U.S. anti-dumping laws. Senator Pete Domenici of New Mexico, who controls the subcommittee that oversees USEC, is resisting in favor of his own solution. Verification that the uranium being sent to America actually comes from missiles is another yet-to-be-resolved question.

Gore-Chernomyrdin was partly conceived as a channel of communication to Yeltsin's likely successor, a way to avoid repeating the Bush administration's problems in moving from Gorbachev to Yeltsin. Back in June, when Chernomyrdin and Gore convened in Moscow, Chernomyrdin was a national hero—having just negotiated a peaceful end to a tense Chechen hostage crisis while Yeltsin lay incapacitated. Now his presidential ambitions are in limbo, thanks to the Russian national funk, his party's poor showing in the recent parliamentary elections and Yeltsin's own apparent decision to run for a second term. Yeltsin is surrounded by aides eager to make Chernomyrdin the fall guy for the country's problems. Gore's effusive praise of Chernomyrdin, part of what *Komsomalskaya Pravda* has archly referred to as "aggressive" American backing for the prime minister, may have backfired by making Chernomyrdin appear to be the West's anointed. (Now Gore is careful to emphasize American support for "the reform process," not any individual person.)

Perhaps the lesson is that, where adverse political forces are at work, and incompatible national interests at stake, personal goodwill can only improve the atmosphere in which inevitable differences are expressed. Viktor isn't going to stop the nuclear reactor sale to Iran as a favor to Al. If Russia doesn't like America's offer on its bomb-grade uranium, it will sell it to European countries. With reactionaries ascendant, and Boris Yeltsin throwing reformist officials to the mob, Gore is doggedly emphasizing the progress Russia has made so far. But a note of resignation has crept into the Clintonites' private ruminations. "Obviously we worry about what will happen, but the point is we're giving it our best shot," says an official who has attended Gore-Chernomyrdin summits one through six—as if conceding he'll be lucky if there's ever a seventh. •

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The science of budget cutting?

FUTURE SHOCK

By Mark Strauss

The "House Republican Plan for America's Future" reads like a flyer from the 1939 World's Fair. Science, with its wondrous power, shares center stage with GOP obsessions like family values and downsizing government. "New technologies and new approaches will extend opportunities in learning, health and jobs to the poorest rural and inner-city neighborhoods," it promises. The Republican vision of twenty-first-century America is a "pro-entrepreneur, pro-science and technology" nation that is "inventing the best products with the highest values in the world."

This techno-utopian ideal bears Newt Gingrich's distinctive imprint. His writings, blending Alvin Toffler and George Jetson, sketch a future where telecommuting eliminates air pollution, newlyweds honeymoon in space and an automated "diagnostic chair" in every home reduces the need for hospitals (and, presumably, for a comprehensive health care plan). In March of last year, Gingrich held a forty-minute press conference with Washington science journalists where, according to one report, the Speaker "wowed" the audience with his "rapid-fire responses, enthusiasm and familiarity with science." Moreover, *The Wall Street Journal* predicted that Gingrich's "personal excitement for things scientific" would likely bode well for research funding "even with GOP budget cutting."

But, as any good scientist will tell you, what is predicted in theory does not always happen in practice. Gingrichian fantasies notwithstanding, the American Association for the Advancement of Science (AAAS) maintains that the congressional budget resolution passed on June 29 would cut civilian science research by one-third between now and the year 2002. Its recent report worries that scientists and engineers now face the "most significant across-the-board funding cuts to the R&D enterprise in the post-World War II era."

Even by Washington standards it seems duplicitous to champion science one day and gut its funding the next. But Republicans have a rationale. Much of what they propose cutting, they argue, is not really science. Government-funded science falls into two categories: "basic" and "applied." Basic science—otherwise known as curiosity-driven science or fundamental research—is guided by the desire to understand something better, whether it be the behavior of cells or the internal structure of the atom. Applied science is research that seeks to solve a practical problem and is generally associated with technological development.

Conservative Republicans have become increasingly skeptical about funding applied research. They argue that new technologies should be developed by the marketplace and that cutting taxes and easing federal regulations promotes high-tech research better than direct government spending. As Bob Walker, chairman of the House Science Committee, puts it, "I have great faith in American ingenuity, inventiveness and investment to be able to make the right technological applications, rather than the government picking winners and losers."

The popularity of basic research is a function not simply of ideology, but of politics. Of the $318 million increase in basic R&D spending scheduled for this year, $303 million is earmarked for the National Institutes of Health (NIH). Of all the civilian agencies that receive R&D funding, NIH is the only one that will see an increase in its research budget this year. The reason is not complicated. As Albert H. Teich, head of the AAAS directorate for science and policy programs notes, "No one in Congress wants to be accused of not doing everything he can to fight cancer and heart disease and AIDS and diabetes." Two recent Harris Polls found that more than 70 percent of respondents said they would pay higher taxes to fund biomedical research.

But while the GOP opposes almost all *applied* research, the Clinton administration sees it as the ticket to long-term competitiveness with Germany and Japan. In its public statements, the White House disdains the distinction between basic and applied science. In practice, however, Clinton's science budgets have significantly expanded industrial technology programs while giving basic science only cost-of-living increases. One industrial program pushed particularly hard by the administration was the Advanced Technology Program (ATP), which provides technology development funding to businesses or industry-led joint-ventures. ATP project proposals have included the "Volume Holographic Mass Storage Subsystem," a dense, ultra-fast computer memory system that would store data as holographic images in photorefractive crystals. Among other benefits, ATP would build partnerships between private industry and universities, since universities can be brought into the projects as subcontractors or as members of joint-ventures. In many ways, it seems a model of federally funded applied research. But to Bob Walker, the ATP is just another example of "so-called science." In December Congress voted to terminate funding for ATP, allowing it only to spend funds carried over from last year.

Given the uncertain future of federal funding for civilian R&D, and with state governments and the private sector unlikely to pick up the slack, universities are starting to worry. "Some of the overhead that we get from federal grants helps to support the renewal of our facilities," notes William Kirwan, president of the University of Maryland at College Park. Federal science money, he says, "contains support for infrastructure costs like equipment—equipment that is used both for

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research that goes on but is also used in the teaching program." Kirwan says that if "that money goes away," the University of Maryland might have to hike tuition or slash programs.

And universities aren't the only ones nervous. Environmental science is also on the endangered species list. The AAAS analysis estimates that natural resources and environment-related R&D would shrink by over 12 percent this year alone under the GOP's budget. In particular, research that uses leftoid phrases like "global warming" or "ozone depletion" is destined for hard times. Congress has already voted to cut a chunk of funding for NASA's "Mission to Planet Earth," a program to launch satellites that will study the earth's climate. Walker notes that there have been "concerns raised about whether some of the science being done is more in tune with politics than it is with real scientific measurement." Last June, the less circumspect Dana Rohrabacher, chairman of the Science Committee's energy and environment panel, derided global warming, which the satellites would investigate, as at best "unproven" and at worst "liberal claptrap."

Senate Republicans have moderated House cuts—a little. For instance, the House would have cut the EPA's R&D budget to $496 million, down 17.3 percent from last year. The Senate brought it up to $521 million. Meanwhile, George Brown of California, the ranking minority member of the House Science Committee, and other congressional Democrats have appealed to the president to take a stronger public stand on science funding cuts. And the president has vetoed appropriations bills that included funding cuts for NASA, the National Science Foundation, the EPA, the Department of Commerce and the Department of the Interior. But, Clinton being Clinton, he might well swallow the cuts as part of some more palatable overall package. Brown wants the administration to stand behind its August 1994 report, *Science in the National Interest*, which argued that a "reasonable long-term goal" would be to increase total national R&D investment to 3 percent of Gross Domestic Product, up from 2.6 percent in 1993.

But even if the administration did push for more research funding, it's unclear whether it could mobilize interests outside the science world. As the cliché goes, there is no constituency for the future. The national press barely took notice of a Clinton speech in mid-October, given at a ceremony honoring winners of the National Medal of Science and the National Medal of Technology. The president warned that Congress must "resist these drastic cuts" since "constant churning innovation is the key to economic growth and national strength in the twenty-first century." In a statement that, on many levels, summed up the recent atmosphere in Washington, the president observed: "We are going through sort of a tortured version of a scientific method now.... I say tortured because, unlike the scientific method, it ignores the experiments of the past."

MARK STRAUSS is a writer in Washington, D.C.

ON THE HILL

WHIPLASH

By Hanna Rosin

You may be wearying of misty-eyed congressmen, their nerves frayed by battle, pining for the gentler days of doffed hats and kind words. But, then again, you may not have run into Tom DeLay lately. Witness the House Majority Whip at 10 p.m., storming out of the State of the Union Address in high dudgeon. "Are you kidding?" he howls at a reporter who asks if he liked any part of the speech. "I was so shocked I couldn't even boo. I've never seen such a performance. I got knots in my stomach watching the president of the United States look straight into the eyes of the American people and lie. I've already counted twenty-one lies, and I didn't even have an advance copy of the speech."

At the other end of Statuary Hall, the beatific Connie Morella, a Republican from Maryland, praises "our great president" in honeyed tones for his "vision" and "fine points." But down at his end DeLay is picking fights.

REPORTER: Like what lies?
DELAY: He says he wants to balance the budget. He's done nothing to balance the budget.
REPORTER: He gave you a balanced budget.
DELAY: It's phony. It has gimmicks in it.
REPORTER: So does yours.
DELAY: No it doesn't.

"*Who are you?*" DeLay yells, thrusting his face into the reporter's, then retreating with a hearty snicker. Seconds later, the whip is on Fox TV, brandishing his list of twenty-one lies for live feeds across the nation. (By the next day his count was up to forty-seven.)

The hapless reporter is not the only one left stunned by DeLay's acid tongue. Joining a growing list of the disgruntled are many of DeLay's own colleagues. After all, two months of the budget disaster and Gingrich's whining on Air Force One have left their once-doting voters bitter. So, in desperation, Republicans have turned to soul-searching polls. What they've learned is this: the three adjectives voters use to describe them most often are "mean," "extreme" and "arrogant." The polls have also identified the top offending issues: the budget, the environment and special interests. And if a polling contraption could locate the nexus where style meets substance, it would surely spit out a picture of Tom DeLay.

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Sure, there's the raving Newt Gingrich and the hidebound Dick Armey, who helped steer the revolution aground. But compared to DeLay, those two are pussycats. Listen to the whip on what pollsters call the top third-rail issues. The budget: "We're going to only fund those programs we want to fund," he said on "Meet the Press." "We're in charge. We don't have to negotiate with the Senate. We don't have to negotiate with the Democrats." The environment: "The EPA, the Gestapo of government, pure and simply has been one of the major claw hooks that the government maintains on the backs of our constituents," he thundered on the House floor. And he's courted special interests with undisguised ardor, opposing the gift ban and PAC reform and loaning his favorite lobbyists space in House committee rooms. "He's our smoking gun," sighs one frustrated colleague. "He's not just the right flank. He's off the edge. I wish the rest of leadership would just muzzle him."

Unfortunately, DeLay would probably break the leash. From his colleagues, the word that comes up most often in connection with DeLay is "ambitious." "The way he reaches out to right-wing interest groups," says one, "he acts like a candidate for something." A fellow member of the leadership fills in the blank: "Obviously, he wants to be Speaker someday."

TOM DELAY BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

Twenty years before today's class of angry freshmen, anti-government rage sparked DeLay's political ambitions. In the '70s, he was riding high in Sugar Land, Texas. As owner of Albo Pest Control, he spent his days killing termites and fire ants in the poshest of western Houston's suburban homes. "I got to be real intimate with people," he recalls fondly. "Going into their living rooms and bedrooms, you know, seeing their underwear." But in 1976, after a long battle with the trade association, the state decided to regulate and license exterminators. "I was really angry," DeLay says. "It got me thinking that the government was the cost of doing business, so I got involved." With the help of his bug-busting allies, DeLay won a seat in the Texas State Legislature and then, in 1984, in Congress, where he spent years handing out Red Tape Awards to government bureaucrats. No one noticed but a loyal claque of business allies.

Then, when Republicans won the majority, DeLay cashed in. Gingrich had already tapped the more genteel Bob Walker for majority whip, but DeLay had his own plans. In an impressive act as a freelance broker, he squeezed his business allies for $2 million to bankroll dozens of congressional campaigns. Then he set up a hotline where the nervous hopefuls could call for advice. "He made sure we understood he was just a phone call away," recalls grateful freshman Bob Ney, the first Republican elected in his Ohio district since 1948 and now part of the whip team. "There were times we called at 1:00 in the morning just to ask a question. Sure, his money was crucial. But when you're out there alone, the encouragement is a real big help." (The fatherly advice came with strings: DeLay extracted votes from fifty-two of the seventy-three freshmen before the whip race began, and he won by three votes.) Gingrich was less appreciative. He cut the whip's budget by 25 percent and created the Speaker's Advisory Group, an informal shadow leadership that includes Bob Walker.

DeLay has at least one part of the whip's job down: while Gingrich waxes visionary and Armey plots strategy, he twists arms. During the first 100 days, out of about 400 votes on the House floor, DeLay failed to round up the votes for only four. But the victories come with some pain. "DeLay's style can be intimidating," admits mild-mannered Indiana freshman Mark Souder. "One time he yelled at me so loud that Walker had to gavel him down. Walker pulled him aside and told him to keep quiet." But, he adds, "he's not so naïve as to hold a grudge."

Most whips act like computers, impartially tabulating votes while letting the Speaker set the agenda. Not DeLay. On his personal obsessions—abortion and deregulation—DeLay twists extra hard. Connecticut Republican Christopher Shays recalls DeLay's efforts to bully him into voting for his noxious EPA riders, which would have kept the agency from enforcing pesticide and toxic waste restrictions. "I would prefer that he not use the whip's office for his own ideological issues," says Shays. "Some of us feel he's trying to drag us with him to an uncomfortable extreme. And we want him to be more of an honest broker." To that, DeLay lets loose a snicker: "Heh, heh, heh. I'm guilty. I admit it. I'm not just there to be whip. I'm there to advance an agenda. And I win."

Actually, he loses, and the party goes down with him.

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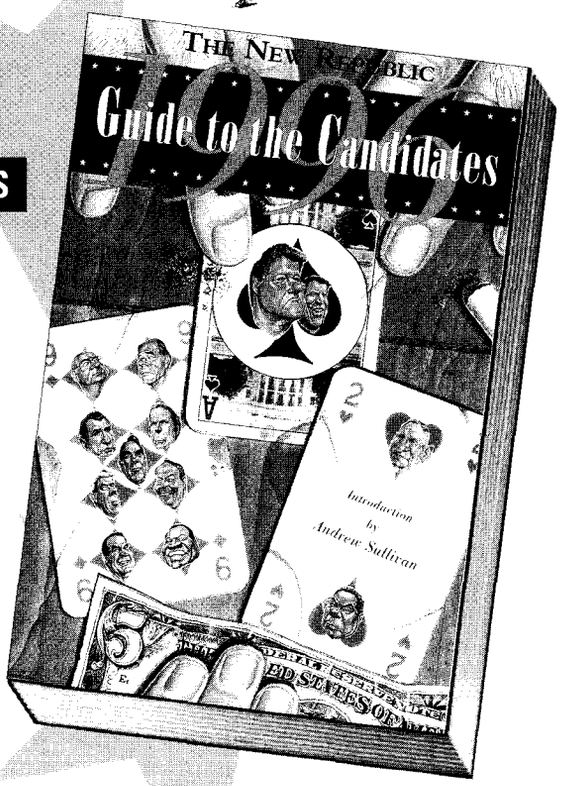
Illustrations by Vint Lawrence



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Each time DeLay has tried to dominate, the strategy has bombed—so badly that it has often blotted out the victory of the lockstep Contract votes. On the budget, fellow members describe DeLay as the devil on Gingrich's shoulder, prodding the frazzled Speaker to bring on the train wreck. When Gingrich suggested an interim spending bill to reopen the government, DeLay bristled. "Screw the Senate. It's time for all-out war," *The Washington Post* reports him as saying. Later, DeLay insisted Gingrich watch a tape of Gore's gloating speech on the budget, to prick his resolve. "He was a constant thorn, egging Gingrich on," recalls a member of the leadership involved in the budget negotiations. "We all had differences, but Tom's sometimes broke out into hostile differences. Tom amplified the strident concerns of the freshmen. But he has no sense of teamwork or long-term strategy. Without that, you tend to spin your wheels." He adds: "I don't think Tom has the understanding of proportions that Newt does. I don't think he's as intelligent. He's very ambitious, and his ambition clouds his judgment."

Recalling his role, DeLay at first sounds chastened. "My first kneejerk reaction was we need to keep the government shut longer to keep the pressure on the president," he says. "But later, Newt convinced me that was the wrong path." In the next breath, though, he is back on the warpath. "We'll still win. We'll send him another welfare reform. Entitlement reform," he says, working up a lather. "We'll make him eat that State of the Union."

The pattern repeats itself. A string of recent polls has shown that bashing the environment is a suicidal strategy. Last week, for example, Republican pollster Linda DiVall published a study showing that 70 percent of Republicans believed environmental laws were not too stringent. And, the report specifically warned, "Attacking the EPA is a nonstarter." Like many of his colleagues, DeLay can dutifully spout the party boilerplate: "We have not done anything to reverse environmental policy. What I want is reform, good environmental policy, good cost-benefit analysis." But he can't keep it up for long. Ask him about the EPA, and he explodes: "Yes, I meant it. They are the Gestapo. I could give you chapter and verse about how they broke into people's property and then fined them. They are the cop, the prosecutor, the judge and the executioner, all over the country." This session, DeLay has reintroduced his bills not to reform, but to *eviscerate* both the Clean Water Act and Clean Air Act. "Everyone knows the EPA is heavy-handed sometimes," says a bewildered Sherwood Boehlert, the Republican who organized the effort to stop DeLay's EPA riders. "But it's still a valuable agency. It's amazing. For forty years we've been outside looking in, complaining bitterly. And then we do something like this."

On special interests, DeLay's been positively brazen. On K Street he's known as "the Hammer" for his skill at pounding lobbyists for cash. As head of Project Relief, the oddly named collection of corporate supporters, DeLay was host, cashier and bouncer, throwing parties for lobbyists in House chambers and collecting cash at the door. To date, he's raised millions for the party and, up to June, $322,000 for himself, a sum second only to Gingrich. There's one tactic he invented that he's particularly proud of. If a lobbying firm wants access, they have to fire the Democrats on staff first and replace them with party faithfuls. "The problem is these Democrats who spend an hour being nice to us and the other twenty-three figuring out how to take us out. I want my friends in there, not my enemies." Adds David Rehr, an old friend of DeLay's and a lobbyist for the National Beer Wholesalers Association: "He likes this mythology building around him in the lobbying community, that he's this 800-pound gorilla nobody can mess with."

DeLay showed his first sign of defensiveness about his lobbying after the State of the Union, when he got prickly about one detail. "What really makes me sick," he said in a speech the next day, "is the president saying lobbyists and polluters wrote those bills. It's an outright lie." Later he added angrily: "I wrote that bill," referring to the regulatory moratorium in the first 100 days. "Nobody wrote me that bill. I wrote it."

But if this is a change in strategy, he forgot to tell Rehr, his unofficial PAC adviser. Rehr is still bragging about joint exploits, on and off the record. "He's good at putting together the inside and outside operation," Rehr helpfully explains. "He links up members and their staff with our people, and we build up support. For example, on the moratorium, we came up with the idea, and took it right past the House into the Senate." What about the problem of lobbyists writing bills? "It's like my favorite quote from that Humphrey Bogart movie. 'Oh my God, there's gambling going on here?' "

In the end, though, it's hard to charge DeLay with hypocrisy because he lacks the rudimentary phoniness necessary to pull it off. He seems to believe his own angry rhetoric: that the world divides into friends and enemies; that his men are Great Americans, and Democrats are ivory-tower snivelers. He boils Democrats' constituents down to "Greenpeace, Queer Nation, the National Education Association." Then he adds, without a hint of irony, that he's proud to put coalitions together with "all kinds of people, from the Christian Coalition to the Eagle Forum, from Arco to Exxon." At a Texas town hall meeting, he risked loud boos when he told the crowd he opposed the lobby gift ban. His reason? It was a "leftist conspiracy" designed to keep right-wing groups from organizing. It never occurred to him that it might affect Greenpeace, too.

The end of our interview brings one last snicker. "Heh, heh, heh. I see what you're getting at. Yeah, I wish there was more comity." Then he promptly sabotages his own wish. "But you know, I've noticed over the years the reason there was comity was because Democrats were good to Republicans as long as they were satisfied taking crumbs from their table. If there's no comity, blame the other side." Some guys will never change. •

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Separate but equal at VMI.

LIKE RACE, LIKE GENDER?

By Jeffrey Rosen

As the Supreme Court ponders whether the Virginia Military Institute and the Citadel can continue to exclude women, the legal battles have become a time-lapse photograph of the generational war among feminists. In the current issue of *Dissent*, Catharine Stimpson argues that "Shannon Faulkner ... is chronologically a Third Waver using Second Wave legal theory to achieve a First Wave goal." A debate rages between those who want equal access to public institutions; those who want to set up separate but equal schools; and those who prefer separate but *different* schools, on the premise that women learn better in harmony and men in adversity. And now the plot has become even more complex. The Clinton administration has asked the Supreme Court to endorse the most controversial premise of the equal treatment feminists: that gender distinctions are just as invidious as racial distinctions and should be treated as presumptively unconstitutional. If the Court accepts the invitation, and enacts the Equal Rights Amendment by judicial fiat, it would transform the legal status of women. But what about the institutions at the center of the controversy, VMI and the newly created Virginia Women's Institute for Leadership? Are they in fact bastions of gender stereotypes, or can they plausibly be defended as separate but equal? To find out, I set out for Virginia.

In his *Preface to Panopticon*, Jeremy Bentham imagined the marvelous educational benefits of a utopian "inspection-house," in which prisoners, students, orphans or paupers could be subject to constant surveillance. Bentham imagined the Panopticon as a ring-shaped building surrounding a central courtyard. In the center of the courtyard would be an inspection tower with windows facing the inner side of the ring; each cell would be pierced by two windows, allowing light to pass from the outer wall to the inner courtyard. Supervisors in the central tower could observe every movement of the inhabitants of the cells, but Venetian blinds would ensure that the supervisors could not be seen by the inhabitants. Bentham staked his career on the virtues of the Panopticon, and Foucault described its central goal: "to induce in the inmate a state of conscious and permanent visibility that assures the automatic functioning of power."

It was hard not to think of the Panopticon during a first encounter with the VMI barracks. One passes through the Jackson Arch, inscribed with former professor Stonewall Jackson's maxim, "You may be whatever you resolve to be," and faces a four-sided arsenal surrounding a courtyard. In the center of the courtyard is a sentinel box manned by a twenty-four-hour guard team of student cadets that is sworn to report any infraction of the Institute's rules. The guard team gazes out on four tiers of cell-like rooms that open onto four interior balconies, or "stoops," facing the courtyard. All furniture has to be placed against the wall so there is an unobstructed view from the balcony door to the back window. Thus each cadet, like Bentham's inmates, knows that he is being constantly surveyed.

The unbending behavioral regulations in the barracks also have a whiff of Panopticism. On the fourth level of the barracks live the "rats," or freshmen, who are required to march at rigid attention along an imaginary straight line, even when they are alone, and to march doubletime on the exterior stairs. As I watch from the courtyard, a rat trouping stiffly toward the communal showers is playfully harassed by upperclassmen shouting conflicting orders. ("To the showers, rat! To your room, rat.") Every few minutes, without warning, a frightening loudspeaker, like the one in the London Underground, commands various cadets to report to ominous-sounding duties. Finally, the cannon sounds and the entire cadet corps, in gray uniforms, black guns and scarlet capes, marches through the Jackson Arch, crisply salutes the Jackson statue and, after calling roll ("Delta company! One man absent! India Company! Three men absent!), parades down to Crozet Hall for more harassment over dinner.

Although the barracks and dining hall of VMI appear at first to be a Foucauldian fantasy of power enforced through hierarchy, I came to see the Institute as a far more egalitarian and tender and even nurturing place after going to classes and talking to cadets. VMI is, indeed, a Victorian institution, but it is closer to Thomas Arnold's Rugby than Bentham's

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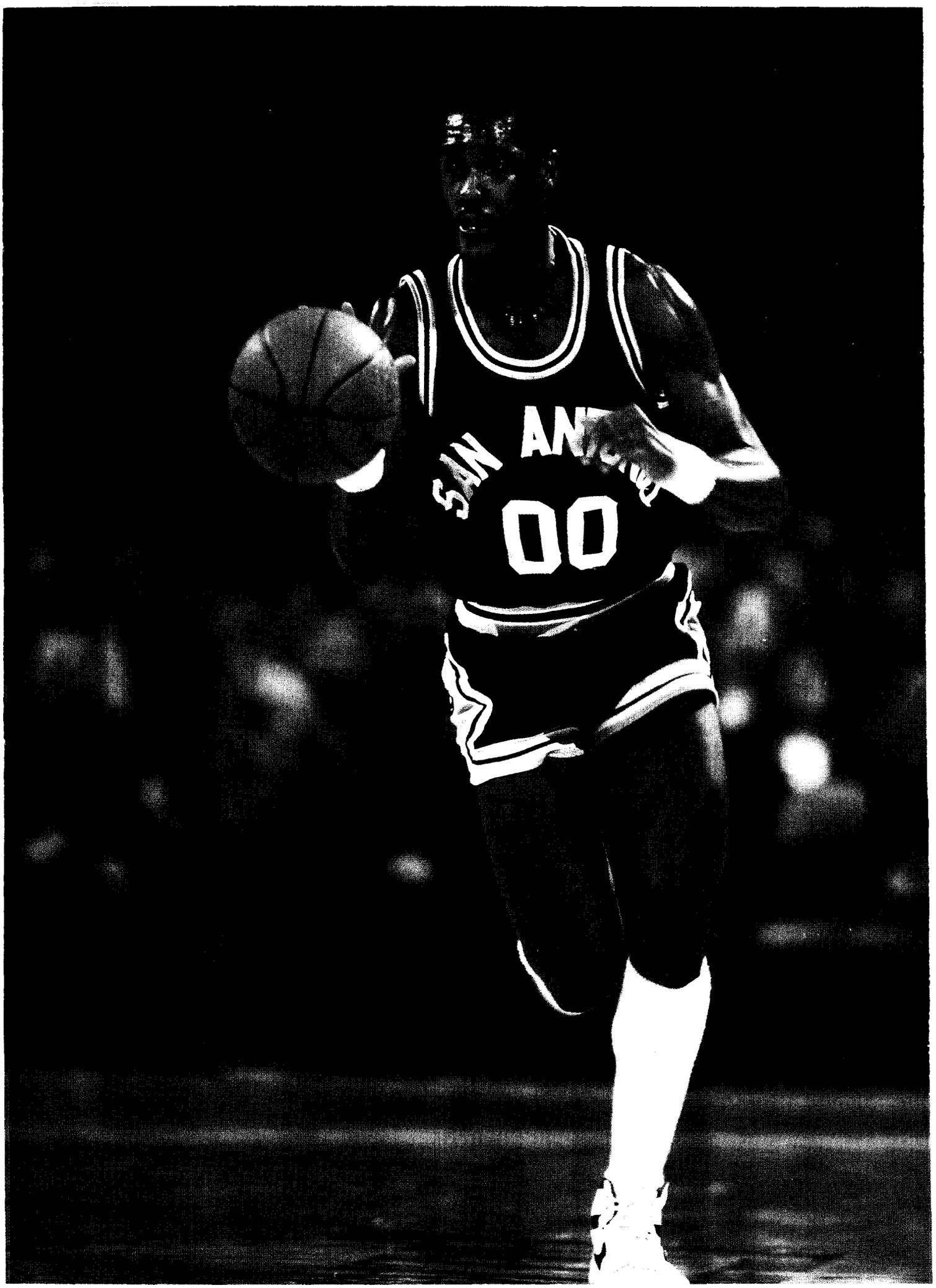

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"I was thinking, 'If I can just get to the game, I'll be all right.'"

JOHNNY MOORE
SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

The point guard for the Spurs never made it to that game against the Lakers back in 1985. Instead, he landed in the hospital, where after 10 days he was diagnosed with a deadly infection.

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"They told me I'd probably never have kids," he says. "And now I've got my little girl. I'm so thankful."

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Panopticon. Its animating purpose is not to create rigid hierarchies, but to treat all cadets precisely the same. In the classrooms, unlike the barracks, cadets are free to be intellectually playful, to challenge their male and female teachers, even to explore their gentler sides. A white cadet, a timid soul, told me he left VMI for the University of Virginia because the barracks life was too brutal and then returned because he found the engineering professors at VMI to be more accessible and nurturing than their UVA counterparts. A black cadet, a battalion commander, explained that race relations at VMI were far less fraught than at his coed military high school because there was less opportunity for identity politics to flourish when all cadets were treated exactly the same.

Early one morning, I was summoned to meet VMI's new superintendant, General Josiah Bunting III. Tall and razor thin in his impressive uniform, he looks like General William Westmoreland but speaks like the kindhearted and devoted headmaster from *Tom Brown's School Days*. Bunting graduated from VMI in 1963, where he was First Captain of the Corps of Cadets. After a Rhodes scholarship, he commanded the 505th Infantry in Vietnam and then wrote a best-selling novel about his experience called *The Lionheads*. He taught history at West Point and went on to become president of the all-male Hampden-Sydney College in Virginia; his last stint was as headmaster of the Lawrenceville School in Princeton, which went co-ed under his watch. "Have you read D.C. Somervell's *English Thought in the Nineteenth Century*?" he asked after receiving me in the oak-paneled VMI boardroom. "It's one of the lovely works of intellectual history, and Somervell describes Lord Eldon, a Tory Chancellor in the Pitt administration, with these words: 'It is impossible to imagine that such a man as Lord Eldon ever existed.' Our opponents aren't even trying to see this institution as it really is; they're not interested in what Coleridge called 'imaginative sympathy.' "

I asked General Bunting how he felt to be presiding over what may well be the end of a 156-year-old tradition of all-male education at VMI, and he gazed out the picture window. "Wistful, plaintive; adjectives like that. It's like the Adagio section of Mahler's Fifth Symphony, *Death in Venice*, and there is a wistful quality that comes from the fact that those who go here really love it and adore it. They realize that once it's gone it can never be recovered. *Nescit vox missa reverit*—the voice which sent can never be recalled. This is a singular place; it's quiet; it has nothing to do with the screaming excesses of right-wing caricatures." Bunting swings gently around in his chair. "I feel almost like Tocqueville looking out over America. This is everything that is good in our culture, and it's going to change irretrievably if they bring in women."

At the stroke of 9 a.m., twelve juniors and seniors in uniform filed quietly into the boardroom for Bunting's seminar on "War, Politics, Leadership." The premise of the course, according to the syllabus, is that "You cannot 'teach' duty; you can only show the example." By studying the lives of Pericles, Lincoln, Churchill, Truman, LBJ and General Marshall (VMI's favorite son), along with "occasional readings in imaginative literature and poetry," the cadets are expected to learn character by osmosis. Today's class was a close reading of a passage from a Periclean funeral oration from *The History of the Peloponnesian War*. "What I would prefer is that you should fix your eyes every day on the greatness of Athens as she really is and should fall in love with her." The students were respectful (Yes, sir; no, sir) but relaxed and engaged, and at Bunting's invitation they volunteered their opinions about the similarities between Periclean Athens and Clinton's America. The only time the class came up short is when Bunting quoted Pericles on the role of women: "The greatest glory of a woman is to be least talked about by men." "Any comment on that?" The room filled with silence. "All right," said Bunting, "Let's talk about the plague."

Almost everyone concedes that if women are admitted to VMI, they will be unable to achieve the precise benefits they seek; for the Institute in its current form will no longer exist. If VMI's central mission were to train men for success in the modern military, the school would arguably be improved by coeducation; but in fact, only 18 percent of VMI graduates go on to military careers. VMI doesn't want to become like a twentieth-century West Point, it wants to remain like a nineteenth-century Rugby; and it can't do that if women are admitted. Of course, there is a circular quality to the argument, as the lower courts discovered when they held that VMI's purpose is to provide the unique benefits of a single-sex military education to a select group of young men. Put this way, VMI's distinctive qualities justify themselves. But after chasing their tails for several years, the lower courts decided that if single-sex military education is a valuable public benefit (as it clearly is), then the state of Virginia, at the very least, has to create a separate but equal program for women. And this is a challenge, alas, that the state has bungled so dramatically that its chances before the Supreme Court are almost certainly doomed.

Setting out on the thirty-five-mile drive from Lexington to Staunton, where Mary Baldwin College is located, I was full of trepidation. It's obvious from the trial record that the newly created Virginia Women's Institute for Leadership at Mary Baldwin was constitutionally flawed from the start. Rather than setting out to construct a separate but equal program for women, as the lower court demanded, the state made the mistake of granting the Mary Baldwin faculty carte blanche to design whatever program it pleased. Perhaps understandably, the faculty decided to advance its own institutional interests rather than VMI's litigation interests; and the program

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that resulted was an explicit rejection of everything that makes VMI unique. Mischaracterizing VMI's educational philosophy, the Dean of Students at Mary Baldwin, Heather Wilson, testified that "the VMI model is based on the premise that young men come [to college] with inflated sense of self-efficacy [sic] that must be knocked down and rebuilt in a more meaningful way. We believe that women had that leveling experience already in their lives, and they do not need more of that in college." Accordingly, the faculty decided that a military model "would be wholly inappropriate for educating and training most women for leadership roles." Drawing on the work of difference feminists such as Blythe McVicker Clinchy and Carol Gilligan, Dean James Lott testified that "women learn best, develop their potential best under an environment which provides discipline and order in the context of nurturing." The program that resulted, on paper at least, was a hodgepodge of theories drawn from second-wave feminism and Total Quality Management.

Whatever can be said for this as an educational philosophy suited to *most* women, it's obviously inappropriate for the small subset of women who want to experience the egalitarian rigors of the VMI model. The Virginia Women's Institute for Leadership is based on a category error: it assumes that single-sex education, rather than single-sex military education, is what makes VMI unique. As a result, the VWIL program is not even plausibly equal to VMI. Students in the program live in the ordinary dorms of Mary Baldwin College; attend most of their classes with Mary Baldwin students; are not required to wear uniforms, except during ROTC; and are generally supported rather than harassed. And Mary Baldwin suffers in comparison to VMI in other, more intractable ways: 100 points lower average SAT scores, lower faculty salaries, no engineering program for the B.S. degree, and so forth. All in all, the argument goes, Mary Baldwin is to VMI as Pine Manor (rather than Wellesley) is to Harvard.

With all these statistics in mind after reading the briefs, I arrived at the Mary Baldwin campus prepared to find a down-at-the-heels citadel of difference feminism, a Gilligan's Island of the second wave. In fact, the college is located on the lush grounds of the former Staunton Military Academy, and physically, at least, it is a fair match for the beauty of VMI. And although the VWIL program, in its fifth month of operation, is hardly boot camp, it was a relief to discover how little of the different voice theorizing of the faculty planners has actually been embraced by the forty fledgling cadets. Naturally drawn to the hierarchy that their professors rejected, the cadets have voted to wear uniforms all day on Monday and are debating whether or not to adopt a permanent rank system along the VMI model. "What we assumed would not be attractive, like wearing a uniform, is attractive to the students," confessed Professor Virginia Francisco, one of the faculty planners. "They want more discipline and more order."

Still, this program, on this campus, is unlikely to become a plausibly equal alternative to VMI. Even if we set aside, for the sake of argument, the extreme physical harassment of the rat line, a truly separate but equal program for women would have to include, at the minimum, a twenty-four-hour military environment with military uniforms, military etiquette and some kind of structured barracks life. It would emphasize physical rigor, mental stress, absolute equality of treatment and absence of privacy. Whether the prestige of VMI could be immediately replicated at a separate institution isn't entirely clear, but Mary Baldwin is not the place to try.

I had the chance to watch the VWIL students learn to march and troupe the color for the Virginia Corps of Cadets. On a brilliantly sunny day in January, all forty cadets arrived in their black sweaters and black pants, and assembled on a glowing green field in front of the gym. As Colonel Michael Bissell, the VMI liaison to VWIL, looked on benignly, the women practiced their marching drills, and it was hard not to be struck by how encouraging and supportive the leaders were when somebody marched out of step. "That was my fault, I should have turned right!" said one cadet commander brightly after almost leading her platoon into a wall. "That's great. It got a little mixed up at the end, but it looked real good. How did everybody feel about that?" By the end of the half hour, the cadets were more or less in step; but the easy-going cries of "Nice job!" and "Looking good!" were hard to reconcile with the Panopticism of VMI or even with the coed exercises at West Point, where trouping the color is a far less jolly affair.

My last visit at Mary Baldwin was to the flagship of the VWIL program, Director Brenda Bryant's course on "Leadership and Followership." It is the only course developed specifically for VWIL students; and its purpose is "to introduce students to the formal study of leadership and to foster reflection and self-evaluation." Bryant is an appealingly straightforward woman with short gray hair, sensible shoes and degrees in public administration—before coming to Mary Baldwin, she was the executive vice president of Creative Associates International in Washington; but the whole discipline of "leadership theory" has a distinct whiff of Babbitry. Unlike the elegant VMI boardroom, the VWIL leadership class is taught on the top floor of the Mary Baldwin gym, in a room that looks like a high-school biology lab from the 1950s: an overhead projector and a skeleton lurk menacingly by the blackboard. The VWIL cadets seem about as engaged as their VMI counterparts, although they are more likely to preface their opinions with an apology or to phrase them as questions. "Leadership today is more transformative than transactional," Bryant explained to me after class. "Organizations are flattening; you have more employee ownership and less hierarchy. Much of what we get in the political arena and personal realm is negotiation.

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As luck would have it, these are the skills that women bring to the table."

For all of its good intentions and dedicated teachers, after only five months in operation, there is a curiously dated quality to the Virginia Women's Institute for Leadership. Although Cynthia Tyson, Mary Baldwin's energetic and resolute British president, has promised to continue the program even if Virginia withdraws funding in the wake of the Supreme Court's decision, the notion of a nurturing military academy for women seems as Victorian, in its way, as VMI's very different program for men. VWIL feels, in the end, like the cloistered women's college from Gilbert and Sullivan's *Princess Ida*, in which the determined "girl graduates" put on armor to defend their walls from an invasion by Hungarian soldiers, and all the textbooks are bowdlerized.

The Supreme Court will almost certainly hold that VWIL is not an equal alternative to VMI. But what happens next is an open question. Will the Court hold that separate but equal military academies for men and women are inherently unequal because they promote archaic stereotypes? Or will the justices hold that separate but equal schools are, in theory, permissible for men and women, but not for blacks and whites, and give VMI one last chance to come up with a more plausibly equal alternative? In fact, *U.S.* v. *Virginia* is nothing like *Brown* v. *Board of Education*, and the differences between the two cases suggest the dangers of treating gender discrimination like racial discrimination.

In *Brown* v. *Board*, of course, Chief Justice Warren didn't actually hold that all racial segregation was inherently unequal; and he coyly refused to overturn the "separate but equal doctrine" of *Plessy* v. *Ferguson* in all circumstances. Instead, he held that racially segregated *schools* were inherently unequal because they conveyed a social meaning that blacks were an inferior caste, generating "a feeling of inferiority as to their status in the community that may affect their hearts and minds in a way unlikely ever to be undone." Although the social meaning of racially segregated schools may have been contested in 1896, it was no longer contested in 1954, and therefore, Warren concluded, racial segregation in public schools deprived black students of equal educational opportunities, even assuming that physical facilities were equal, which they obviously weren't.

Forty years later, the focus of anti-discrimination law is on smoking out "stereotypes" rather than avoiding the harms of caste. In 1982, for example, Sandra Day O'Connor held that the Mississippi University for Women couldn't exclude men from its nursing school, because the admissions policy tended "to perpetuate the stereotyped view of nursing as an exclusively women's job." Brandishing the Mississippi case, the Clinton administration is arguing that the exclusion of women from VMI perpetuates a similarly archaic stereotype: that only boys should grow up to be soldiers. In his brief for the United States, Solicitor General Drew Days argues that "VMI's admissions policy has communicated a message that, in the eyes of the Commonwealth, women do not possess the qualities of self-discipline, ability to withstand stress and respect for hierarchy that are widely associated with VMI."

But surely Days has misrepresented VMI's "message." As Josiah Bunting argues elegiacally, the exclusion of women from VMI is *not* based on stereotypes about the military as man's work; and unlike the Mary Baldwin faculty, the VMI faculty has no interest in generalizing about whether or not most women could flourish under adversity. Instead, VMI wants to exclude women to preserve its unique, and successful, educational method for men. Of course, some women may *misunderstand* VMI's mission, just as Drew Days did; and they may feel inherently stigmatized by the erroneous impression that VMI cadets think women aren't physically or intellectually capable of measuring up. But as the debacle of *Plessy* v. *Ferguson* demonstrates, judges should hesitate to interject themselves into delicate questions of social policy on the basis of uncertain notions of what segregation really means. When the social meaning of segregation is contested, rather than settled, surely humility counsels that judges should defer to the political branches.

But does the Constitution permit judicial restraint? The Clinton administration has dramatically raised the stakes by insisting that gender discrimination is just as invidious as racial discrimination and that separate but equal single-sex schools are inherently unequal. Brandishing the equal treatment vision on which Ruth Bader Ginsburg staked her career as a litigator, the Justice Department is urging the Court to treat all sex-based classifications, like all race-based classifications, as presumptively unconstitutional.

Unlike Shannon Faulkner, therefore, the administration is using a first-wave legal theory to achieve a first-wave goal: opening all public institutions to women. But 1996 is not 1970; and it's startling to realize how much of the current legal regime, including many gender distinctions supported by second- and third-wave feminists, would be disrupted if the Court finally adopted Ginsburg's "strict scrutiny" standard. Affirmative action for women in universities, public contracting and hiring would be far harder to justify. A bill pending in Congress that would authorize schools to experiment with single-sex programs in elementary and secondary public schools would be constitutionally vulnerable.

And then there is the Wellesley question. Just as private schools that discriminate on the basis of race have lost their tax-exempt status and ability to receive federal grants, so private women's (and men's) colleges could be imperiled if gender discrimination really were considered as invidious as racial discrimination.

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There are ways out of the dilemma: the federal government and the Internal Revenue Service might decide that private single-sex schools *don't*, in fact, violate public policy, so students are free to take their tuition grants to any coed or single-sex schools that they please. (Unrestricted federal grants paid directly to the colleges might be more problematic.) But a ruling along these lines would be a tacit concession that gender classifications really *aren't* as stigmatizing as racial classifications, which would be hard to reconcile with the Supreme Court's suggestion that they are.

For purely strategic and cynical reasons, libertarian conservatives and revisionist neo-feminists might consider joining forces with the Clinton administration and urging the Court to treat gender discrimination and racial discrimination precisely the same. Perhaps Newt Gingrich and Katie Roiphe, for example, would be willing to sacrifice VMI and the Citadel in the interests of eliminating special treatment for women in other spheres. But the Supreme Court, of course, is moved by arguments of principle rather than of politics. Are there convincing legal arguments for subjecting gender classifications, like racial classifications, to the strictest judicial scrutiny?

Now that the historic moment of decision has arrived at last, it's remarkable how tinny and formulaic the familiar arguments appear. In a brief for the ACLU and the National Women's Law Center, Ginsburg's former colleagues Susan Deller Ross and Wendy W. Williams dutifully recite the arguments, refined and repeated in hundreds of briefs during the 1970s: sex, like race, is an "immutable characteristic unrelated to ability"; Women, like blacks, have suffered from a "long history" of discrimination in the United States; and women, like blacks, are "underrepresented in the political process." (They constitute only 11 percent of U.S. representatives and 21 percent of state legislators.)

Although these arguments were powerful and important in the 1970s, they seem increasingly strained in the 1990s. As Linda Chavez, Christina Hoff Sommers and Abigail Thernstrom argue in their brief for the Independent Women's Forum, women are hardly politically powerless today: unlike blacks, they constitute a majority of the population; and in practice, women have had meaningful access to the ballot for much longer than blacks have. Nor are women excluded from the workplace—they constitute over 45.9 percent of the civilian labor force—or systematically denied professional opportunities. Finally, to compare the discrimination suffered by women to the discrimination suffered by blacks is historically simplistic: after the turn of the century, for example, Progressive women's suffrage advocates made a Faustian alliance with white Southern racists and built male support for the Nineteenth Amendment by pledging to support the disenfranchisement of blacks with literacy tests and poll taxes.

In light of all these messy distinctions, the Court will probably decline the administration's invitation to treat race and gender discrimination as equally suspicious. But there is, in fact, a quirkier argument on behalf of Ginsburg's equal treatment vision, and it is based on the original understanding of the Fourteenth Amendment. Unlike the Warren Court in *Brown*, the Rehnquist Court has not called for special briefs and arguments on the original understanding of single-sex education during the debates over the Civil War Amendments. But in fact, the gender question was discussed extensively between 1868 and 1875. For example, in debates over the Civil Rights Act of 1870, which would have guaranteed to "all citizens" "equal and impartial enjoyment" of all "common schools and other public institutions of learning," several senators expressed concern that the bill might prohibit gender segregation as well as racial segregation in public schools. The usual response was that gender segregation, unlike racial segregation, was educationally valuable, and there was no suggestion that women were an inferior caste. Nevertheless, some senators pressed the point. If the Fourteenth Amendment required all citizens to receive the *same* civil rights, rather than *equal* civil rights, then schools segregated by sex, like schools segregated by race, might indeed be unconstitutional. And the argument is even more plausible today. Perhaps the right to attend public universities wasn't widely considered a civil right in 1896, but it is in 1996, and therefore it should be extended to men and women on equal terms. But since only Justices Thomas and Scalia are moved by esoteric appeals to original understanding (and Thomas has recused himself from the case because his son, Jamal, attends VMI), this argument is unlikely to carry the day.

At this anxious moment in the gender wars, the premises of all three generations of feminists are uncertain and contested. Some first-wave feminists are no longer willing to accept the stark consequences of the equal treatment vision and are now suggesting that women's colleges, but not men's colleges, might be justified as a form of affirmative action. Some second-wave feminists are unsure whether to embrace the Mary Baldwin model of separation and difference, or whether to reject the patriarchal model military entirely. Finally, there is the third wave, the generation of Shannon Faulkner and the VWIL students, who seem more concerned, by and large, with getting marketable credentials and steady jobs than with completing the battles of their grandmothers. Now, more than ever, tranquil, separate spaces for men and women to reflect about their differences and similarities seem especially useful to build and preserve. That's all the more reason to hope that the Court will hesitate to dismantle such fragile traditions as VMI and the Citadel, and will challenge the states to try to construct genuinely equal alternatives for women. •

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BOOKS & The Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on Films

A Troubled House

With his second film, Philip Haas proves that he really exists. His first, *The Music of Chance* (1993)—I'm speaking of fiction films; Haas had previously done documentaries—was delicate, intelligent, charged with reticent daring. But as admirable as it was, it guaranteed nothing about his future. More than one director has made a splendid debut of a career that then failed to follow. **Angels and Insects** (Samuel Goldwyn) affirms that Haas truly has an artistic identity and that it is growing.

Even before we see his work, we know that he is engagingly bizarre. Not many directors would choose, as he did, a Paul Auster novel for a feature debut; it has plenty of surface action, but its real action is buried. And now, for his second picture, Haas has chosen A.S. Byatt's novella *Morpho Eugenia*, from the collection titled *Angels and Insects*. Byatt's story is a mid-Victorian allegory. It slithers ahead toward nothing so simple as a madwoman in an attic; it ends as a Jamesian revelation of soul-shivering moral anarchy beneath the green-lawns-and-tea-party decorum.

As in the earlier film, Haas collaborated on the screenplay with his wife, Belinda. (He is American; she is Belfast-born.) They begin more dramatically than Byatt does. The novella starts with a ball at Bredely Hall, the country house where William Adamson, a young scientist of working-class backgound, is an assistant to the head of the house, a middle-aged amateur scientist. After the initial splash of prettiness, we learn that William has lately returned from ten years in the Amazon country where he lived among natives, learned their language and risked his life to study local butterflies.

The screenplay reverses this order of discovery right in the credits. We see and hear Amazonian natives singing and dancing: the word "Angels" is superimposed. "And" occurs as we dissolve to a different kind of dance, the ball at Bredely, with the word "Insects" superimposed. If this is not subtle, still it fits Byatt's forthright tone of symbolic pronouncement. (Her patrician family's name is Alabaster!) In any case, the Haas reversal deepens our knowledge of William from the first moment and whets our appetite.

William's employer is Sir Harald Alabaster, a rich clergyman who is a student of insect life. Lady Alabaster is fat and gluttonous. They have a grown son, Edgar, two grown daughters and younger children. One of the older daughters, Eugenia, had been engaged, but her betrothed died and she is grieving. (Much, but not too much, is made of a coincidence. The two butterflies that William has managed to save after a shipwreck on his homeward voyage are of a species called Morpho Eugenia.) William, grimly aware of his poverty and class, nonetheless falls quietly in love with the pensive Eugenia. Watching him and her and a good deal more is Matty Crompton, a woman in charge of the younger Alabasters.

Despite William's reserve, the romance between him and Eugenia blossoms and leads to marriage and children. These matters have gone forward over the insolent objections of her brother Edgar, who frequently and vilely reminds William of his poverty and low degree. Hovering throughout is the somewhat numinous figure of Matty. And, recurrently, there are insects.

William breeds moths and ants and butterflies and keeps journals. He takes the younger Alabasters on walks in the pleasant woods, overturning rocks and dead branches to show them the maggots and worms beneath. This symbolic implication continues, right through a scene in which a maid carries a bucket full of beetles up from the cellar of the great house.

Overarching these implications is a theme broached by Sir Harald in talk with William. The clergyman says he has lived from an age of religion, when good and evil were clear, into an age of science—the Darwin-Wallace age—in which good and evil are less clear. The film's editor, Belinda Haas, counterpoints this contrast visually. Science gives us the insects, the facts beneath the rocks and branches; the editor interposes plaques of perfect Victorian life—the family fishing, playing charades, and so on. The very blandness of these scenes, the conscious basking in innocence, suggests shadows beneath.

One morning William rides to hounds with a hunt club. This is the first time we see him in a "gentlemanly" pursuit. Previously he has watched Eugenia riding with Edgar, and he usually glimpsed

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Carrington. *Emma Thompson gives eccentric being to the painter who knowingly falls in love with the homosexual Lytton Strachey (Jonathan Pryce, determinedly fragile). Not an emotional whirlwind, but intelligent and acute. (Reviewed 12/4/95)* **Lamerica.** *Humane, compassionate, stern. A young Italian con man in post-Communist Albania meets up with an 80-year-old victim of the Hoxha regime. (1/29/96)* **Nixon.** *See it. Worry about the details later. Oliver Stone directs like several flash floods in one, and Anthony Hopkins is gigantic as this less than giant man. (1/22/96)* **Sense and Sensibility.** *Still another chance to see Emma Thompson—this time in her own adaptation of Austen. She, and everyone else, and everything else in it are lovely. (1/8&15/96)*—**SK**

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them through a window. Those two are not among the riders today. The hunt has gone only a short way, however, when a boy rides up to summon William back to the house. There he discovers the secret that shakes everything we have seen into cruelly sharp focus.

Who sent William the message to return from the hunt so that he could make the discovery? Matty later denies that she did it and says: "There are people in a house, you know, who know everything that goes on—the invisible people, and now and then *the house* simply decides that something must happen...." The acceptance of this nineteenth-century mystique, the celebration of it, is what binds Byatt's novel in shape and what gives the film its ambience.

William flees the great house. And not alone. But what Byatt and the film leave untouched is what happens to those who could not escape, who were tied there for life by their lives. Still, this, too, can be seen as a facet of the moral drama. William's fate is to discover and to leave. The fate of the others is to remain.

The French cinematographer Bernard Zitzermann, who shot *The Music of Chance*, lights this film with extraordinary nuance. Sunlight is not smitingly bright, candlelight is not always enchanting. This palette wonderfully accommodates the film's climax—the peculiar rush of surprise that certifies what has gone before, not only in detail but in tone.

Among the principals, Jeremy Kemp, as old Alabaster, has the easiest role because the most naïve, but he steeps it in period texture. Kristin Scott Thomas shows previously unsuspected range as the somber Matty. Patsy Kensit's Eugenia seems somewhat amorphous until developments reveal the design. Likely to be undervalued, I fear, is Douglas Henshall as Edgar, the brother who seems to live by class arrogance, riding and drinking and servant-girl abuse. It is trenchant, purposeful acting.

Mark Rylance plays William with taciturn sensitivity. His William knows what he dare not hope for—Eugenia—yet must hope for. Our sympathy for him, earned and not tugged out of us, makes later events all the more disturbing. It takes nothing away from Rylance to say that the shadings of his character are in part a tribute to Haas's directing—which of course is true of the other actors as well.

Kirstein Postscript. In the obituaries of Lincoln Kirstein, I saw no mention of his connection with film. He was one of the founders of *The Hound & Horn*, a quarterly that was published from 1927 to 1938 and that sponsored much serious film criticism. Subsequently he was an editor of another quarterly called *Films*. Kirstein also wrote memorable film essays: *James Cagney and the American Hero* (*The Hound & Horn*, 1932), *Dancing in Films* (*New Theater*, 1936) and *History in American Films*, which is about *Gone with the Wind* (*Films*, 1940). In our large debt of gratitude to Kirstein, let these achievements be counted, too. •

Jed Perl on Art

Visual Beat

Go figure it. The 1950s, the decade that everybody spent ages trying to forget, turns out to be chic. Maybe it's that people have been spending so much time worrying about what went wrong with the '60s that they've completely forgotten all the dissatisfactions of the '50s. Now Levittown and the Leave-It-to-Beaver family are faraway enough to seem quaint, and the dazzling nighttime spectacle of midtown Manhattan at mid-century is presented as an icon of high cultural glamor. The '50s in New York and San Francisco strike people who are just hitting middle age as having some of the gossipy allure that Bloomsbury London once had for their parents' generation. And the shabby-around-the-edges postwar bohemians are beginning to look like saintly figures.

The Whitney Museum in New York has put in its two cents about the fascinating '50s with a show called "Beat Culture and the New America: 1950-1965," and the fact that it goes all the way to 1965 only underscores the revisionist view that the '60s aren't the beginning but the second stage of America's postwar cultural revolution. Lisa Phillips, the Whitney curator who organized this exhibition, appears to have no agenda beyond bringing the museum up to speed with the neo-Beat craze that's already swept through nightlife and fashion and advertising, but I have to say that the show isn't quite as bad as a lot of the reviews would lead you to believe. "Beat Culture and the New America"—which will be seen in Minneapolis and San Francisco after closing in New York in February—is organized geographically, with sections devoted to New York, San Francisco and Los Angeles. The show is frankly documentary in spirit, an exercise in cultural anthropology in which paintings, sculptures, photographs, manuscripts and memorabilia are all set on an equal footing.

You have a sense of what the Whitney has in store for you when you come off the elevator and are greeted by a George Herms assemblage called *The Librarian*. It's a disheveled robot with a red stool for legs and lots of torn-apart books strewn across a shelf that runs in front of a boxy torso. Phillips may see this work by a West Coast artist as a hidden ancestor of the charred and battered books that Anselm Kiefer produced in the 1970s and 1980s. Kiefer aestheticizes book-burning so that people become enraptured by their own distress, and Herms's anti-librarian, with its aura of rip-it-up hipster intellectualism, gives "Beat Culture and the New America" an opening jolt of queasy excitement.

The entire show is meant as a series of variations on the Beat experience of being so strung out that you can't tell bliss from burn-out, but mostly what you find at the Whitney aren't art experiences but enshrined souvenirs. Is any show big enough to contain everything from paperback editions of Beat novels with pulp fiction covers to one of the immense, slam-bang Abstract Expressionist canvases by Alfred Leslie that were once hailed as the next step after de Kooning? Well, I don't believe that Phillips knows if one show can hold all this stuff, but she's gone right ahead and done it. The exhibition has a disjointed, eccentric look that's perfect if you're highlighting the Beats, who were not known for their visual panache.

Phillips has no overarching thesis, and that's a curatorial copout, but in a way her vagueness is true to a lazy, take-it-or-leave-it side of the Beat experience. The eclecticism makes a documentary point, and the Herms *Librarian* presides over a show that has so many carefully catalogued bits and pieces that a librarian could feel right at home. Even the sculpture and painting that's included has a preserved-in-formaldehyde feel since many of the artists were such sloppy technicians that their work can only survive with the help of fleets of high-tech conservators. Jay DeFeo's *The Rose*, a painting in which pigment that's sometimes

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eight inches deep is carved into a gray, angular radiating pattern, has just undergone a three-month workover. According to a press release, this involved three conservators, ultrasound, silica inserts and a new support frame that's connected to the painting with steel rods.

In "Beat Culture and the New America," everybody who was anybody turns out to have been an artist. Allen Ginsberg is represented by his snapshots, which are now printed in exhibition-size formats with an obvious eye to the retail market. Jack Kerouac weighs in with a portrait of Buddha, which probably wouldn't inspire much enthusiasm even from Jim Shaw, the artist who made a stir a couple of years ago by taking canvases that he'd picked up in resale shops and showing them at Metro Pictures in SoHo under the title "Thrift Store Paintings." From an anthropological point of view, these scraps by famous writers are irresistible, and in any event there isn't a great amount of first- (or second- or third-) rate work that can be labeled Beat.

There is such a thing as a Beat sensibility, but not every sensibility can be expressed in visual terms, and the Beat experience is so much a matter of immediate experience that it finds its most logical outlet in the directness of words rather than the transmuted language of painting or sculpture. When Ginsberg and Kerouac are on a roll, words make rhythms and images that explode straight out of the rawness of experience. These writers are talking and shouting their way through their lives; they want that slightly metallic, banged-out-on-a-portable-typewriter tone. Beat art has to have a torn-from-life drama, which is more easily expressed in photography or collage than in paint-on-canvas.

What's being called "Beat culture" at the Whitney is not so much a definable artistic position as a variety of very loosely related postwar manifestations. New York School painting, Neo-Dada, Bebop and Eastern religion all fall within the purview of this show, if for no other reason than because they're regarded as appropriate backdrops for the lives and times of Ginsberg, Kerouac and Burroughs. Some people who've written about the show have taken exception to the inclusion of paintings by Pollock and Kline. If Phillips is trying to present their work as proto-Beat she is certainly open to criticism, but if this is simply taken as a show about some aspects of the atmosphere of the '50s, then the inclusions are legitimate. The Kline hangs near Alfred Leslie's painting, and it's an interesting juxtaposition because Leslie was carrying Kline's (and de Kooning's) already rather histrionic slashing strokes into an over-the-top, almost ironically swashbuckling style. From Leslie the painter we're meant to segue to Leslie the filmmaker, who collaborated with Robert Frank on *Pull My Daisy*, the charming Beat home movie with a voice-over by Kerouac and appearances by Gregory Corso and Ginsberg and the gang, who play their own take-things-as-they-come selves.

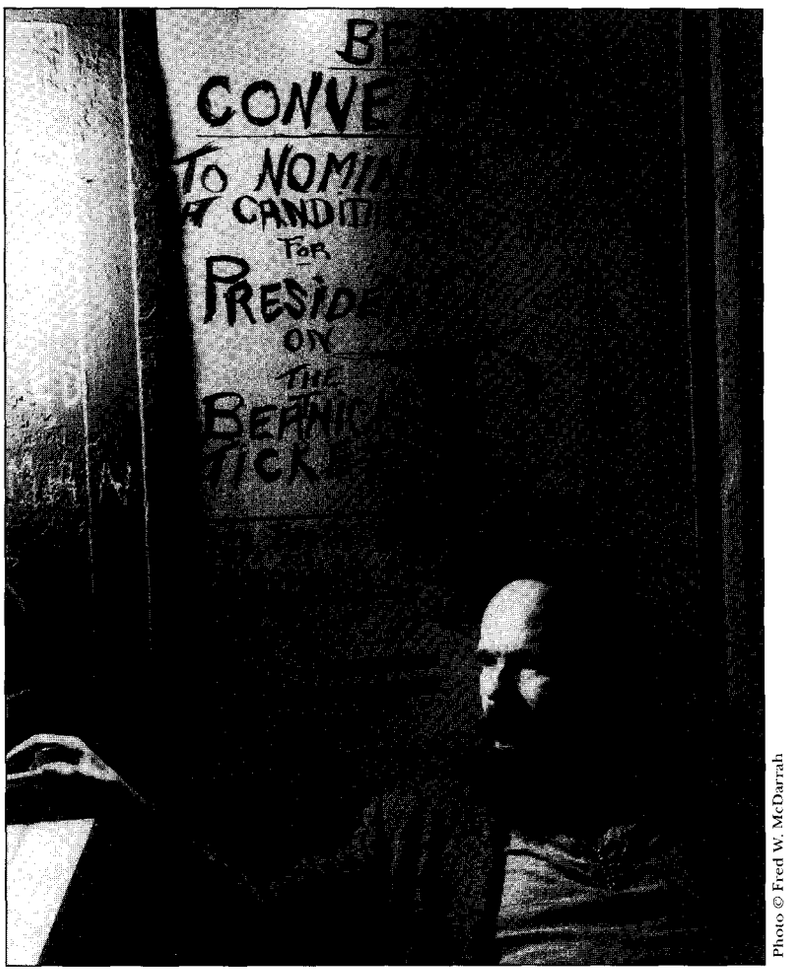

Photo © Fred W. McDarrah

A BEATNIK CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT AT NINTH CIRCLE BAR, 1960

Phillips is obviously less interested in Alfred Leslie as a painter than as a friend of some legendary writers, and if you have any doubts on that score they'll rapidly be dispelled by the Whitney catalog, a Beat scrapbook in which the visual arts are not exactly placed front-and-center. Another thing that you'll realize when you look at the catalog is that although the dozen or so contributors are all for high seriousness, they're also rather bewitched by the way that Beat became Beatnik as poets and novelists became living legends among a middle class that took its cues from the coverage that the avant-garde received in *Life* magazine. While there's some truth to the proposition that bohemianism was, by 1950, already a self-conscious attitude with mass-market potential, it's another matter entirely when the Whitney begins to turn that somewhat shopworn sociological insight into an ironic aesthetic based on the social appeal of antisocial behavior. What's rawly authentic in the photographs of Robert Frank may have something to do with giving underground experience a blunt, public look, but a curator such as Phillips, who made her reputation among the downtown self-publicists of the '80s art world, is in no position to separate the inauthentic from the authentic in the '50s subcultures of New York and San Francisco.

There are curators who are attuned to every gradation of social style, and their insights have their place. But to represent jazz as a hip performance art with mainstream potential—which is basically the Whitney view—is to misrepresent a musical experience that defined the artistic calling for an entire generation. The way that John Clellon Holmes, who wrote the famous *New York Times Magazine* article in 1952 on the Beat generation, describes Edgar Pool, the musician hero of his novel *The Horn*, he's a man whose personality has been dissolved in his craft. When you listened to Pool blow his horn, Holmes explained, you heard a "mindless, dumb, finally humble and unquestioning response just to the chords themselves, which was the result of years of simply trying to manipulate the stops, and further years of the impatient expending of this mastery on worthless tunes, and finally that first astonishing moment when the skill was adequate to the idea."

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T. S. Eliot didn't have much more to say about the immolation of personality in art.

While Lisa Phillips doesn't exactly give short shrift to New York City, she's certainly anxious to steer Beat culture out of the long shadows of de Kooning and Pollock, and the Whitney show does tilt pretty heavily toward the West Coast scene. Some of this California history is interesting simply because it is relatively unfamiliar. There's a willful ugliness to much of the work of Edward Kienholz, Wallace Berman and George Herms, and one may feel that this has something to do with the kind of weedy avant-garde that was sprouting in the dusty side streets and empty canyons of Southern California. I'm not sure that Phillips does as well with the San Francisco scene, where the strong presence of Abstract Expressionism at the California School of Fine Arts in the '40s encouraged a more sensuously visual aesthetic, and one could not help but be moved by the eccentric old houses and luxuriant vegetation and dramatic vistas of the Bay.

San Francisco's Victorian gingerbread houses and the pop-culture refuse of Los Angeles gave artists models of visual eclecticism that did not have any exact analogy in New York, where the old industrial city was quickly giving way to a sleek Madison Avenue city. Still, "Beat Culture and the New America" probably makes too great a claim for an indigenous West Coast style. You can come away from the show with the impression that mixed-media work was a West Coast development, and nothing is further from the truth. Los Angeles was certainly several years behind New York, where a mid-'50s tilt toward a collage aesthetic was ultimately given an official imprimatur by the Museum of Modern Art with its 1961 show "The Art of Assemblage."

If "Beat Culture and the New America" leaves museumgoers with the impression that painting was incapable of expressing a lot of the experiences of the postwar generation, that's a thought that in the '50s occurred to many artists who would not under any circumstances have wanted to be associated with the Beat label. The postwar generation regarded Abstract Expressionism, which was the creation of its elders, as what the poet Robert Duncan called a "picture of painting itself," and in the '50s all art could look like a fall from that primal state. The legions who remained committed to painting saw no reason not to pursue de Kooning's idea that "content is a glimpse" into the specifics of landscape and still life, the complexity of allegory or a geometric painting that was just another way of coming to grips with the things that Abstract Expressionism could not contain. Collage, assemblage and photography suggested other ways of getting beyond Abstract Expressionism and only looked radical to those who ignored their fine early modern pedigrees.

When the Whitney show concludes in 1965, a lot of the artists are still relatively young, but in many cases what you've seen of their work isn't going to make you want to see more. At "Beat Culture and the New America" the yellowing collages and crumbling paintings of Wally Hedrick, Jay DeFeo, Bruce Conner and Wallace Berman are the leftovers of careers that for good reason never really took off. So far as the Whitney is concerned, these are the relics that go along with an evolving politically correct '50s art world martyrology, and about that, the less said the better.

While "Beat Culture and the New America" doesn't give museumgoers an especially large dose of any particular artist, the show is symptomatic of a growing scholarly interest in retracing postwar lives. My impression is that the historians who set out to investigate—to exhume—these careers can get more than they've bargained for, because some of the artistic legends of the '50s are still hard at work. The San Francisco artist who was named Burgess Collins by his parents but prefers to be known as Jess has an imagination that's so intently obtuse that it can't be swept up in any period mood. True, the Jess retrospective that Michael Auping organized at the Albright-Knox in 1993 told us a lot about how the occult '50s influenced the psychedelic '60s, but the work in this retrospective that completed a national tour at the Whitney just over a year ago took us all the way into the '90s, so that Jess's sunny obscurantism began to look like a perfectly plausible response to any time and any place, including our own. There's a related streak of diabolical independence in the work of Robert Frank, who's the subject of a retrospective titled "Moving Out," which is on view at the Whitney concurrently with the Beat show. ("Moving Out," which opened in Washington in October, 1994, was reviewed in these pages by Luc Sante, "Spirit and Taste," November 21, 1994.)

I think that Jess and Frank, who are both in their early 70s, have done some of the best work of their careers in the past decade, and it's certainly good to have a chance to see it in a New York museum. They're both still immersed in the

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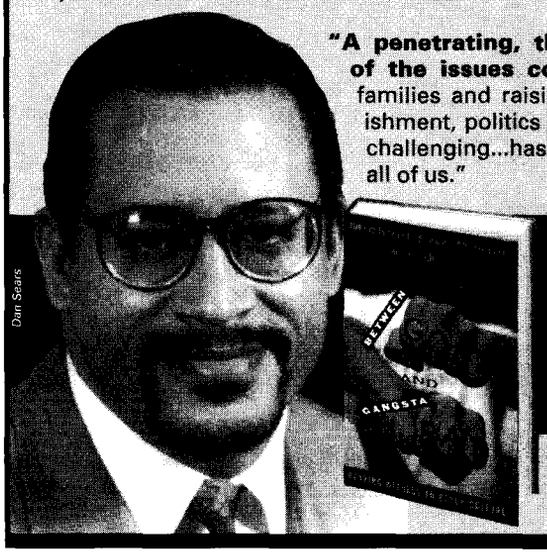

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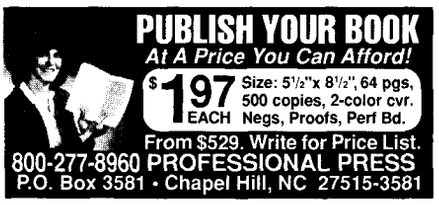

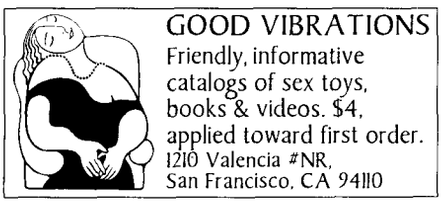

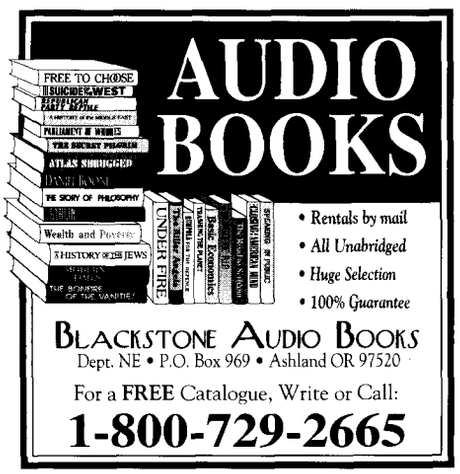

collage aesthetic that was hot news in their youth, and after all these years they can if not astonish at least surprise us with their idea of unity-in-disunity. It is an idea that's pretty much closed to younger artists, for whom coherence often looks like the only risk worth taking.

Jess studied with Clyfford Still at the California School of Fine Arts around 1950, and what he gleaned from the Abstract Expressionists was not so much an idea about painting as a feeling for what he's called "a poetics of materials." His early abstractions are in a somewhat theatrical silver-age mode that's characteristic of the '50s. Many of the paintings of the '60s and '70s—they form a series that Jess calls his "Translations"—are oddly literal renderings of old photographs and drawings, to which the artist gives an antiliteral personal stamp with thick paint and luscious color. The "Translations" are so idiosyncratic that they're hard to forget, but they don't have enough formal impact to make sense on a gallery wall and are best studied in a 1971 catalog, where they've been paired with a text by Robert Duncan. For decades Jess and Duncan shared a Victorian house in San Francisco that's beginning to have some of the legendary bohemian fascination of Vanessa Bell's and Duncan Grant's Charleston. And it's in the packed studio of this Bay Area home that Jess has stashed the old magazines and jigsaw puzzles that he collages together into the big compositions—sometimes five or six feet wide—that are his most important achievement.

Jess's collages create spaces that feel both terrifyingly shallow and infinitely expandable. The color in these collages is uncontrollably extravagant; it's glitteringly artificial, with the shrill blues and oranges of the halftone reproductions that Jess snips out of the magazines melting together into an eerie shimmer. These are unsettling, paradoxical pictures. It's haunting how Jess juxtaposes inert figures for cinematic effect. Your eyes zooms from pasted figure to pasted figure and from one odd event to the next, until you get lost in the interpenetrating characters and anecdotes that are presented as a series of constantly shifting and reversing scenes-within-scenes. Jess keeps his fantasies specific with his elegant erudition, with his interweaving of details from Old Master paintings and scantily clad figures from the popular magazines. Jess has vantage points on vantage points. He gives his homoerotic interests an overlay of art-historical erudition and then overlays that with some campy Victoriana. Every inch of these collages probably has a particular meaning, but it's the synapses between the particularities that really hold a museumgoer. In the last major piece in the show, the 1992 *Whatever!*, the ragged edges of jigsaw puzzle pieces create Clyfford-Still-like Gothic patterns. Torn scraps of memory float by one by one, and then peel away to reveal other dimensions of the same hard-to-parse experience.

Jess may be the most interesting collage artist working today, but Robert Frank, who's been joining together his own photographs into composite compositions, is a close second. The new work by Frank is in some respects even more exciting than the photographs in his classic book *The Americans* (1959), that anthem to the road, with its endless black asphalt highways and desolate cafeterias. Jack Kerouac wrote that *The Americans* caught "that crazy feeling in America when the sun is hot on the streets and the music comes out of a jukebox or from a nearby funeral." You feel that in the '50s Frank, who had only a few years before emigrated from Switzerland, barely comprehended all the chaotic impressions that he was getting down on film. Frank's recent work is also about moods that sweep over us and envelop us, but he's no longer involved with the documentary approach that he once helped to revitalize. This great photographer has not lost his ability to find unexpected, glimmeringly original images through the viewfinder of his camera, and after his years of working on films he's a master of cutting and overlapping. The new pictures come out of Frank's immersion in an experimental cinematic technique, but then underground movies are an essential element in the postwar collage experience and have probably had some impact on Jess, whose compositions can recall the baroquely overlapped imagery and let-loose craziness of *Inauguration of the Pleasure Dome*, Kenneth Anger's hallucinogenic art film extravaganza.

Jess is the master of ceremonies in a funhouse that's packed to the rafters with all the visual treats that the Abstract Expressionists said were forbidden. Robert Frank is an equally theatrical artistic personality, but his dramatic style is actually an extension of the black-and-white imagery that Pollock and de Kooning were involved with in the '40s. Much of Frank's recent work is based on impressions of the harsh, drained-of-color winter landscape of Nova Scotia, where he lives part of the year and photographs the snow-covered rocks and desolate shorelines. If *The Americans* was a portrait of the artist disguised as a portrait of the USA, the more recent pictures are unabashedly confessional and closer in spirit to a writer's journals or letters than

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to anything in the visual arts. Of course there are lots of contemporary artists who are eager to make a spectacle of their personal lives, but only Frank has managed to break with photography's disinterested spirit and still maintain a clear sense of what a picture can and cannot convey.

In a series of photographs occasioned by the death of his daughter, Robert Frank goes public with a parent's ultimate tragedy. The miracle is that he's able to do this gut-wrenching work without sacrificing his dignity as an artist. The collage forms that Frank has been using in recent years are ordinary—standard modern stuff—and somehow it's these obvious art-school moves that enable him to give such a blunt, flat-out account of his own emotional devastation. In one 1975 composition, Frank joins a picture of his youthful, gently smiling daughter and some shots of his house in Nova Scotia and the surrounding landscape. Across one of the photographs he's written, "For my daughter Andrea who died in an airplane crash [near] Tical in Guatemala on Dec 23. Last year. She was 21 years and she lived in this house and I think of Andrea every day." The grid pattern that Frank constructs using five photographs is as elementary as a first project in a 2-D design course, and the bits of writing and color and blotted ink that he's added to the photographs aren't much more complex.

The composition is almost naïve, so much so that at first you may think that Frank is being falsely naïve. But the picture has a lingering power. This veteran is still in some way an innocent. (Maybe that's the secret of all the great photographers; Atget and Walker Evans certainly remained innocent to the end.) In this collage, titled *Andrea*, Frank leaves nothing to the imagination—we see his daughter, we see the house in sunlight and in shade. It's almost a child's view of tragedy. But perhaps even more impressive is the 1977 *Mabou*, with its eight blurred shots of silhouetted power lines and a scrappy shoreline adding up to a repetitive nightmare with one sunset dimming into the next.

Frank's Nova Scotia home is literally the end of the road, and he uses the setting dramatically, the way Ginsberg used the New York streets in "Howl." In the 1992 triptych *End of Dream*, Frank joins black and white photographs of water and icy rocks and a bunch of apples that's been left out in the snow with smaller color shots of the same elements and some lines drawn in enamel paint. Frank is in a contemplative mood—he might be a Sung landscape painter—and the high-contrast of his youthful on-the-road photographs is beginning to age to an overall silvery gray. There's a whole series of these silver-gray Nova Scotia images, including one with a few wild flowers and another with a typewriter on a windowsill. Generally Frank scrawls the titles right on the pictures, and these phrases—*End of Dream, Hold Still—Keep Going, Fear—No Fear*—are like the dialogue in a silent movie. They underline the mix-up of euphoric and laid-low feelings that gives these photographs their naked expressiveness. Frank is giving us the latest—maybe the last—installment of the Beat odyssey, and he's doing it without any romantic overlay. If you find it hard to warm to these terrific pictures, it may be because they're sending a chill down your spine. •

The Empire Strikes Out

By Gordon S. Wood

A Struggle for Power: The American Revolution by Theodore Draper

(Times Books, 544 pp., $35)

Theodore Draper is one of America's most acute observers of contemporary events. Indeed, he is the grand old man of contemporary history-writing. And yet he wonders whether he is a historian. He has written over a dozen books on a variety of subjects over his long and distinguished career, but he is not quite sure how to describe himself. He says that he is "surely not an academic, because he does not hold an academic post." Besides, he writes much better than most academics. But he is certainly much more than a journalist. Although he has engaged present-day events while they were "still hot, even boiling," he has always sought to analyze them "coolly with convincing documentation and reasoned judgment." He wishes to write not merely for scholars, but also for the general educated reader, for the reader who is "no longer merely interested in the daily or even weekly ration of news," who wants to understand present events "in some organized form and in some historical perspective."

Draper likes to think of himself "as a historian of a special kind," a writer of what he calls "present history." Although he studies his subjects "as seriously as a professional historian might," he generally has worked on "subjects closer to the present than most historians deal with." He likes to investigate "subjects of the greatest urgency and controversy while they were still urgent and controversial," yet he intends to treat them "from a larger historical perspective" than journalists do while using "traditionally historical methods." So over the past fifty years Draper has written histories of a wide range of events while those events were, so to speak, still on the front page—a study of the collapse of France in World War II, written in 1944, of American communism, written in 1957, of Castro's revolution, written in 1962, of the war in Vietnam, written in 1967, of the Iran-Contra affair, written in 1991. No one has taken on so many contemporary events over such a long period of time and written so objectively and so passionately about them as Draper. Always, he says of his fifty-year career, his aim has been "to analyze present-day events historically."

Until now, that is. This remarkable study of the origins of the American Revolution is Draper's first attempt to account for an event that took place a long time ago. It is no small occurrence that Draper has taken on. The Revolution is the most important event in American history, not only because it legally created the nation but also because it infused into our culture all of our noblest beliefs and ideals—in truth, all of what actually makes us a nation. For that reason, its origins have been studied by more people over a longer period of time than any other subject in American history. It takes courage to write another book on the American Revolution. It is as if Draper, at the age of 83, wants to show himself and the world that he has always been a real historian at heart.

Draper has brought to his account of this two-centuries-old event the same approaches and techniques that he brought to his histories of present-day events. In referring to his use of traditional historical methods, Draper has always meant laying out the evidence "clearly, accurately, and as fully as possi-

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ble" so anyone could check on it. Those methods have also meant using mostly primary sources and not hesitating "to quote at whatever length necessary from those sources." Yet these are not the only characteristics of his accounts of present history. Some historians, he wrote in 1982, believe in reinterpreting the past in terms of the present; even when they write about the distant past, they believe that it has to be shaped by some concern in the present. In his own writings, he said, he has always taken an opposite course. He has always tried to understand the present in terms of the past, or whatever parts of the past seem to have shaped it: "as far back as necessary if I thought some useful perspective could be gained."

Draper also tells us that he has paid special attention to the words and the thoughts of the participants, who did not know the future and whose statements often revealed far more than they intended. He usually quotes at great length from these historical actors, letting, as he says, "the facts speak as much as possible for themselves." Such a method requires dogged patience and a great capacity to go through mountains of material. So in his study of the Iran-Contra affair he waded through well over 50,000 pages of documents and then, as he said in the preface of that book, "used a good deal of the documentary material to carry the story forward, so that the reader may get a more intimate sense of what the material is before I say anything about it."

Without explicitly saying so, Draper has applied the same approaches and techniques to his history of the American Revolution. In effect, he has treated the Revolution as if it were a contemporary event, as if it had just occurred and needs explanation, just as the Cuban revolution needed explanation. He has pored through masses of primary sources from both Great Britain and the colonies, going all the way back to the seventeenth century, and has quoted extensively from these original sources, aiming, as he says in his preface, "to let many of the actors speak for themselves" in the hope "that the reader will gain a more immediate impression of ideas and events than might be possible if I merely summed up what they had to say." The result is an extraordinarily readable but peculiarly old-fashioned history of the Revolution. Not since Lawrence Henry Gipson's fifteen-volume history of the *British Empire Before the American Revolution* (1936-1970) has anyone written such a full account of the breakup of the first British empire.

The book opens with a discussion of the debate in 1759-61 over whether Britain ought to claim either the rich sugar island of Guadeloupe in the Caribbean or the vast continental territory of Canada that was captured from France in the Seven Years' War. Britain could not claim both, and the possession of one or the other of these territories would determine the nature of the empire. Some said that the sugar island was already commercially valuable, while others pointed to the promise of a populous Canada buying British manufactures. Others argued that Britain's primary interests lay in Europe, not in North America, and therefore it was wise to leave the French in Canada. Besides, it was claimed over and over, the French presence on the North American continent was the best means for ensuring that the British colonies there would continue to submit to the direction of the mother country. Without the restraining presence of the French in Canada, many warned, the rapidly multiplying colonists would begin to claim freedom from their dependence on Britain.

Despite these forebodings, Britain chose Canada, in the Peace of Paris in 1763, and thereby set in motion a train of events that led in little more than a decade's time to the breakup of the greatest empire the world had seen since the fall of Rome. Draper uses these British warnings, in 1759-61, of eventual American independence as the hook on which to hang his lengthy narrative investigation of the history of the British-colonial relationship. Convinced that one has to go far back "for a full understanding of the formative period of the Revolution," he writes several chapters that survey the colonies' history from their beginnings in the seventeenth century to the onset of the Seven Years' War in the 1750s. The colonies were founded by private entrepreneurs and religious zealots in the seventeenth century, during the decades in which England itself was torn apart by religious passion, the execution of its king and a civil war. By the time the newly restored English Crown in 1660 got around to organizing its hodgepodge of colonies in North America, it was already too late. A whole generation in the early colonies had enjoyed a feeling of independence, and this would prove impossible to reverse.

Although the English government repeatedly tried over the next century to extend its control over the colonists' lives—taking over several of the private colonies, appointing royal governors and provincial councils and establishing networks of bureaucrats—the empire remained essentially a trading empire: not an empire in depth, but one that touched only the surface of colonial society. The colonists were left remarkably free to pursue their own economic and social interests. Even the trading restrictions of the empire were blatantly evaded when they conflicted with the colonists' interests. Smuggling, bribery and corruption became everyday facts of life for colonial merchants dealing with the British navigation system.

Draper is remarkably accurate in his history of the colonies, and his judgments are often shrewder than those of many specialists. Yet his newness to the material shows, especially in his discussion of eighteenth-century British politics, for which he has little feel. He rightly notes that the empire was the Crown's empire, yet he assumes that Parliament was some sort of independent entity that might or might not intervene in colonial matters if it so desired. Thus he has no way of explaining the long period of what Burke later called the "salutary neglect" of the colonies by the Whig governments of Sir Robert Walpole and his successors up to the 1760s, except to say that "Parliament was usually too busy, too divided or too uninterested to assert itself."

This misunderstands the peculiar position of the Whig administrations in the early eighteenth century. Walpole and his successors sought to keep colonial matters out of Parliament not, as Draper would have it, because they had "weightier things to preoccupy them," but because colonial issues were the issues most likely to unite the opposition elements in the House of Commons against the government. The ministers were usually able to use the traditional Whig fear of royal power to keep reform-minded bureaucrats from stirring up opposition groups in the Commons and strengthening the Crown's empire.

After describing the creation of the empire up to 1750, Draper begins a detailed narrative of the momentous events during the next twenty-five years that culminated in the battle of Lexington and Concord. Always his aim is to explain what he sees as the inherent conflict between Britain and the colonists in a system of "dual power." It was a system, he believes, in which the colonists' future strength as a nation was not far from the consciousness of people on both sides of the Atlantic.

Draper recognizes, of course, that these North American provinces were not colonies in the modern meaning of the term. The white Anglo-Americans were not alien peoples conquered and

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oppressed by a foreign power; they were Britons who happened to live on the periphery of a huge empire, 3,000 miles from the metropolitan center. And they were not exactly oppressed. Almost from the beginning, these colonists grew and prospered. Indeed, they had the highest standard of living and they were probably the fastest-growing people in the Western world during the eighteenth century. (Their population doubled in size about every twenty-five years.) They grew so fast, says Draper, that many British officials and intellectuals worried about them and their prospects for independence, even a century before the Revolution. What was most striking about these predictions and forebodings of independence, Draper observes, was that they "most frequently rested on a calculus of power rather than of rights, grievances, or ideologies. When the colonies came of age and made themselves rich and strong, they were bound to become dangerous and rebellious." Or so many on both sides of the Atlantic prophesied. The colonies were steadily increasing in population and power; they had less and less need for British protection. Sooner or later they would become independent.

From beginning to end, the history of the British North American colonies was a struggle for power between what Draper often refers to as the "two sides"—the mother country and her dependencies. Often this struggle was hidden from view, masked by a common sense of Englishness, but latently it was always present. This is Draper's argument in a nutshell. He repeats it over and over again, drawing on a multitude of sources designed to show that many people throughout the colonial period had premonitions of the colonists' eventual liberty. Draper knows that he is someone who needs "a good many words to get to the end," though he usually starts out his projects "by intending to write something shorter." "I would like to think," he once wrote, "that it takes all those words to tell the reader why and how I have come to a position on a pending issue. The verdict may be disputed, but the evidence should stand."

There are certainly a lot of words here, with many long quotations from various contemporaries. In fact, the book is a throwback to the kind of history that used to be written a long time ago. Despite all the words and all the quotations, though, the book reads surprisingly well. Draper's prose is so vigorous, his choice of quotations so apt, that the reader is carried along with unexpected ease. It is a measure of Draper's skill as a writer that he is even able to build up a certain suspense about an outcome that we already know. That outcome was the breakup of the empire.

Great Britain came out of the Seven Years' War the dominant power in the world. France was humbled and driven from the continent of North America. Britain stood astride an empire that extended from India to the Mississippi. And yet the future was ominous. The war had altered power relations between Britain and the colonies, and left in its wake a host of problems and costs that could not be evaded. The newly acquired territory in America required policing and the maintaining of an army in scattered western posts—a very expensive matter, costing between £300,000 and £400,000 a year. But the British debt from the war itself was already monstrous, demanding £5 million a year in interest payments alone, compared to a total peacetime government budget of only £8 million. The English gentry already thought themselves taxed to exhaustion. They expected a peace dividend—but instead they got, in 1763, a new cider tax, which provoked uprisings in the apple-growing counties that had to be put down with troops. Thus it seemed only natural that the colonies should bear some of the costs of the recent war, a war that had been fought, after all, in their interest. And British military officials returned from America with reports of the colonists' prosperity.

From these circumstances flowed the new British policies of the 1760s: the tightening up of the navigation system in the effort to cut down smuggling and raise revenue, the closing off of the western territories in order to protect the Indian trade and to avoid costly Indian wars, and the Stamp Act, which was the first direct tax levied on the colonists. "To the British," writes Draper, "each of the measures made good sense. No one decision stood by itself; each created the necessity for the next. All seemed to follow reasonably and inexorably from the legacy of the Seven Years' War." The decisions were not made haphazardly, and no single British minister was responsible. Most of the measures were deliberately submitted to Parliament and approved by it without substantial opposition.

Here, in an uncharacteristically crude touch, Draper says that "Parliament had awakened to the importance of colonial issues and had decided to use its long dormant power." He shows little awareness of the new political situation in Britain that emerged with the virtual end of the Stuart pretension to the throne, the breakup of the old Whig oligarchy and the accession of George III in 1760. Suddenly, for the first time in a half century, the governments of the 1760s discovered that colonial issues were the one thing they could count on to divide the opposition in Parliament rather than to unite it. So Parliament was now brought into the formation of colonial policy, with momentous implications for the empire. Defying the Crown was one thing—all good Whigs might condone that sort of defiance, which is why the British put up with a remarkable degree of rioting and disorder both in the home island and in the colonies; but defying the sovereignty of Parliament was quite another thing—that was challenging the nation itself.

The colonists never quite understood the emotional significance of Parliament for eighteenth-century British Whigs. (Draper suffers from the same lack of understanding.) Parliament was the bastion of all English liberty. From time immemorial, it seemed, it had stood between the ever encroaching power of the Crown and the English people's rights and liberties. Charters and bills of rights were important, no doubt, but most Englishmen never lost sight of the fact that these documents were acts of Parliament or protected by Parliament. For most metropolitan Englishmen, tyranny came only from the Crown, and Parliament was the only real defense against it. Thus it was quite understandable, and not some "common British illusion," as Draper would have it, that most British officials would instinctively expect the colonists to defer to Parliament's authority even while they were defying the Crown.

The experience of the colonists was different. For them, too, the source of tyranny had always been Crown power, usually embodied in their royal governors, but their defense against this power had not been Parliament. Their defense had been their own several assemblies. When confronted in the 1760s with Parliament's authority, therefore, they shared little of the awe and respect that most Englishmen had for Parliament. Eventually they were even willing to promote a relationship with Great Britain that avoided Parliament altogether. In the end, this different experience was crucial to the breakup of the empire. The British could not accept the colonists' challenge to Parliament's sovereignty, and the war came.

True to his reputation as a clear-eyed analyst of politics, Draper is remarkably even-handed in his assessment of the imperial relationship. There is no British-bashing here, no suggestions of the tyranny or even the stupidity of George III.

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At the same time, however, Draper has no brief for the British government against the colonists. He is as sympathetic to the Americans as he is to the British. From their point of view, he writes, the Americans' response to the new British measures in the 1760s was reasonable. Neither side was more right than the other. "Seen this way, the incipient revolution could be decided only by the capitulation of one side or the other, by some sort of compromise between them, or by a final conflict that would separate them forever." Was an armed struggle inevitable? To Draper that is "the most demanding question of the American Revolution."

The answer he gives to this question of the inevitability of the conflict is, essentially, yes. The Stamp Act represented much more than a mere tax. It released the pent-up desire for American autonomy, which, says Draper, was "the secret of the American Revolution." The colonists, he says more than once, became "an irresistible force" moving toward the "immovable object" of the British government, and there was little anyone could have done to stop the clash. The Americans' move toward independence in the 1760s and '70s "seemed to spring out of nowhere," but "it had been foreshadowed in the seventeenth century." By 1765, the colonists already had the framework of an ideology worked out. "It ruled out all British—in practice, parliamentary—interference in American internal affairs and recognized a connection only with the king. It implied independence—or at least self-rule—in American domestic affairs. It took its stand on a platform of equality between Americans and British, within a still unified empire." The next ten years were only variations on these themes.

Draper's description of the maneuverings of the years between 1765 and 1775 takes up nearly half the book. But however many twists the story of these years took, there was no escaping the inevitable ending of the long struggle for power.

> Both sides tried to avoid responsibility by making demands that neither side had the intention of meeting. The British said that they were prepared to relent if the colonies showed proper deference to the authority of Parliament. The colonies said that they were ready to go back to the status quo ante of 1763 if the British retracted everything they had done afterwards. Yet neither wished to show weakness in the face of the other's perseverance. As usual in such circumstances, they spoke of peace and prepared for war.

The conflict might have come sooner, Draper maintains, if the British had sufficient force in the colonies to compel the colonists' obedience or if they had fewer illusions about the colonists' deference. For their part, the "Americans were long loath to admit even to themselves" their ultimate purpose. They "needed time and goading to develop an ideology and a leadership that brought them the full realization that they were aiming at independence." War between the two sides was just a matter of time. By 1774, the Americans were ready to fight for what they believed, while the British thought it was high time they took a stand: they had surrendered so often to colonial pressure—repealing the Stamp Act, withdrawing most of the Townshend duties—that one more time would mean the end of the empire. But "the government decided on a policy of coercion without having sufficient powers of coercion to back it up—until it was too late." The decision by the British commander-in-chief in America, General Thomas Gage, to seize an arms depot in Concord, Massachusetts on April 19, 1775, touched off the long-expected conflict.

Draper ends his story with this outbreak of hostilities. His history of the American Revolution, he says, does not include the war, but only "why and how it came about." What are we to make of this lengthy account of the coming of the Revolution as a struggle for power? Draper is not the first historian to stress the underlying anticipation of eventual American independence, but he is the first to build an entire book around this anticipation. It is a very tricky theme. His desire to find premonitions of the colonists' drive for independence as far back as the seventeenth century runs the risk of committing what English historians commonly call "whiggism"—the anachronistic foreshortening that makes the past an anticipation of what would later occur. One may get a very distorted view of the colonial period simply by garnering all the statements people made about the possibilities of the colonies' eventual independence. For there exist even more statements about the colonists' pride in being English and in belonging to the greatest empire in the world.

Draper's repeated reference to the "two sides" throughout the colonial period seems to exaggerate anachronistically the colonists' sense of having a distinctive identity. Draper assumes what has to be explained. No doubt his evidence about the colonies' extraordinary growth and prosperity is important; and he is surely right in contending that sooner or later some adjustment in the imperial relationship was unavoidable. But was that need for adjustment the cause of the American Revolution?

Draper obviously has gone through an enormous amount of material, primary sources and secondary accounts. He cites a good many of these secondary works, but interestingly most of those he cites were written during the first half of the twentieth century—works by Charles M. Andrews, Arthur M. Schlesinger Sr., George Louis Beer, Lewis Namier and Lawrence Henry Gipson. His attraction for these early twentieth-century historians is very revealing. It suggests an affinity of approach, a similar conception of human behavior—one that emphasizes underlying drives and forces and plays down the role of ideas. In fact, Draper's book could have been written by any of them, though perhaps not as vigorously or engagingly.

Most of the scholarship on the American Revolution written since 1950 has focused on the importance of ideas in bringing it on. Draper either dismisses or ignores this recent scholarship. He apparently does not believe that ideas, or the meanings that people give to their behavior, are of great significance in explaining events. For Draper, as for many early twentieth-century historians influenced by Marx, Freud and behaviorist psychology, ideas are epiphenomena. They are symptoms, not causes; and they do not count for much in the determination of human events. For Draper, ideas and power are separate elements: ideas exist on the surface of life, but power is one of those "large," "deep" "forces" that make things happen.

Owing to his separation of ideas from power, Draper can make plausible the colonists' talk about themselves as Englishmen while carrying on an underlying struggle for power with the mother country. For Draper, the Revolution was the consequence not of "intellectual exercises between rival groups of ideologues," but of "something of longer range and deeper significance." He often goes out of his way to stress that "no ideological factors entered into" the controversies that the colonists had with their governors or with the home government. Even at those moments when ideas may have been important, moreover, they were only conjured up to meet the particular needs of an "elite [that] managed to hold on to its leadership and directed the Revolution where it wanted it to go." In fact, no ideas at all were required until the very eve of the Revolution. "If power, not ideology, was driving the colonies on to their appointed breakaway," Draper writes,

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"self-awareness was not needed until the very last stage of the process."

Draper thus has little patience with seeing the Revolution either as the result of a consistent struggle over constitutional principles, in the way that Edmund S. Morgan did in the 1950s, or as the consequence of a long-existing and explosive radical ideology, in the way that Bernard Bailyn did in the 1960s. He has little sympathy with the Americans' fumbling efforts in the 1760s to clarify their previous experience in the empire and to define their relationship with Great Britain. All he can see are what he calls the "extraordinary intellectual gymnastics" of the Americans, as they "repeatedly" shifted from position to position in their debate with the British, "looking," as he puts it, "for a convenient scapegoat" to blame for the difficulties.

That the Americans "went from objecting to taxation only, to rejecting the legislation of Parliament in all cases, to accepting the weak link with the king, to declaring absolute independence" was not a sign of flightiness or inconsistency, as Draper implies. It was an indication of the seriousness with which the Americans attempted to respond to the British arguments and to explain their previous experience in the empire while clinging consistently to the basic position that was staked out clearly by the Stamp Act Congress in 1765—that they could be taxed only by their several provincial legislatures.

Similarly, Draper's view of the Revolution as a struggle for power without ideological meaning cannot adequately account for the extraordinary nature of the popular ideas and passions that possessed the colonists by the early 1770s. He knows that many ordinary colonists were "trigger-ready" by 1775, but the mindless drive for power cannot really explain why. Nor can his argument account for the soaring aspirations and the ameliorative idealism that was expressed up and down the continent in 1776—aspects of the Enlightenment that became permanently embedded in American culture.

One would never understand from Draper's account why the English radical Richard Price, in 1784, called the American Revolution, next to the birth of Christ, "the most important step in the progressive course of human improvement" in the history of the world. Draper's dimissal of the Americans' struggle with black slavery suggests some of the pinched nature of his approach. As far as he is concerned, the white Americans, despite all their talk of being enslaved by the British, "paid little attention to the real slavery of blacks that was all around them." This misses the significance of the American Revolution in putting slavery, for the first time in American history, on the defensive. Until the Revolution, most colonists had taken slavery for granted as the most base and degraded status in a hierarchy of many unfree statuses. With the Revolution, most of the American leaders, contrary to what Draper says, suddenly devoted a great deal of attention to slavery and concluded that it was an aberration that had to be eliminated. It is no coincidence that the first anti-slavery society in the world was formed in Philadelphia in 1775. Of course, the revolutionaries failed, by modern standards, to do all that they should have done; but to stress that point exclusively ignores their substantial achievement in abolishing slavery at least in the North.

Theodore Draper's argument can account, at best, only for the American war of independence. What it cannot explain is the American Revolution.

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The Slampam Blues

BY PETER GREEN

The Oxford Book of Classical Verse in Translation edited by Adrian Poole & Jeremy Maule

(Oxford University Press, 606 pp., $29.95)

There are some disquieting features of decline in the ancient world that seem to be repeating themselves, with uncommon fidelity, today. One of the most telltale of these is the ever-growing popularity of the digest, the epitome, the florilegium, the anthology. *Ars longa, vita brevis*: too many books, too little time to read. Your average bird-brained Greek or Roman trendy pounced with a sigh of relief on the epitome of Livy, much as his modern equivalent greets abridgements of Gibbon or Toynbee. What was the result? The irrevocable loss of three-quarters of Livy's 142-book text. The unread went out of circulation. Anthologizing could (then as now) be equally destructive. Aeschylus wrote about seventy or eighty plays; and the fact that we don't know the exact number speaks volumes, if you'll excuse the pun. Of those plays, we possess seven. Why seven? Because Hellenistic critics selected seven for study in the schools. Byzantine pundits slashed this number to three (no, not the *Oresteia* trilogy), and the rest just fell by the wayside. There's no guarantee that what we've got represents the cream of the crop: fragments from lost works tantalizingly suggest otherwise, and since when have schoolmasters possessed or approved originality of taste?

Thus a good deal of ancient literature, poetry in particular, survives because ancient educators thought it fit for the classroom, which is hardly an encouraging criterion. What survived over and above this selection did so by lucky accident: Petronius, bits of Sappho, a chance folio from a collected edition of Euripides (nine titles ranging from E to K in Greek), and—my personal favorite—a single archetypal manuscript of Catullus, rescued from under a wine-barrel in Verona, and subsequently lost again, this time for good. It is significant, but hardly to be wondered at, that what got into the canon by the back door, so to speak, has always caused problems for the arbiters of good (that is, respectable middle-class) taste—more often than not, as the list above suggests, on erotic grounds. But that clutch of nine Euripidean plays also defies conventional categorization: are *Ion*, *Helen* and *Iphigeneia in Aulis* tragi-comedy, melodrama or top-of-the-line soap opera? Opinions remain divided. The accidental survivals almost double the total in our possession—Euripides achieved such posthumous popularity that Hellenistic scholarship canonized ten of his plays, as against seven each for Aeschylus and Sophocles—and radically modify the literary verdict on him.

Faced with no more than a small fragment of the torso of ancient poetry, and most of that winnowed out by middle-of-the-roaders, we must always remember (many of us don't) that our judgments on classical works are liable to be more than usually skewed. And more important, tastes change, sometimes very fast. As recently as 1961, C.J. Fordyce omitted no less than thirty-one sexually explicit poems from his edition of Catullus

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because they "did not lend themselves to comment in English." The stock of Hellenistic poetry (and also Hellenistic philosophy) has risen almost beyond recognition in the last few decades. Ancient rhetoric, long dismissed as a boring and artificial aberration, is now recognized as a central ingredient of Greek and Roman historiography no less than of ancient literature. It goes without saying that were today's pundits miraculously translated back to Hellenistic Alexandria or imperial Byzantium, and given the task of text-selection, their lists would look very different from those made at the time.

So, quite apart from the huge problem of the function and the audience of translated poetry, we have to ask ourselves just what a collection such as *The Oxford Book of Classical Verse in Translation* achieves, and for whom, considered simply as an anthology. Ideally, one might argue, it should resemble an hors d'oeuvres tray, a tableful of samples, designed to whet the reader's appetite for those major works so tantalizingly excerpted, or for the full collections of which the shorter poems on display may—or may not be—truly representative. Even so, only the exceptional reader will have enough literary curiosity to identify, much less seek out, any omitted matter, apart from obvious cases such as Homer or the better-known plays. For the rest, a silent censorship by indifference is liable to impose itself, not unlike that which let manuscript traditions dwindle into extinction during the Dark Ages. Few readers of anthologies go hunting for other works by the authors included, and even fewer will comb libraries (or databases) for poets not mentioned at all.

Just about all anthologists tend to produce a mixture of personal discoveries and old favorites, with the balance between them determining the collection's quality. The first impression one gets from Adrian Poole and Jeremy Maule (neither, significantly, a classicist) is that, even allowing for the limitations imposed by the availability of adequate versions (hence the near-blank on Apollonius Rhodius), they have been less enterprising than most. Almost all the familiar landmarks are trotted out again. For Homer they give us, *inter alia*, Helen with the old men on the walls of Troy, Sarpedon's great speech to Glaucus on mortality, Priam begging Hector's body from Achilles, the Cyclops, Circe, and the stringing of the bow—but not Apollo's visitation of plague on the Greek army, or Odysseus's meeting with Nausicaä, or Penelope's eerily Freudian dreams. We get Hesiod's splendid set-piece on winter in Boeotia, but not the grim political fable of the Hawk and the Nightingale, so apt for our times. (Tell it to the Bosnian Serbs.)

There is nothing about his spendthrift brother Perses, and just one uncharacteristic extract from the *Theogony*. Greek lyric and elegy get even shorter shrift: three pieces only (and not the best) from Archilochus; four from Alcman, which do not, incredibly, include his glorious and complex Maiden Song (Partheneion); just two from Alcaeus, but neither of them the Ship of State poem. Simonides and Theognis are hopelessly underrepresented. Pindar, that most consciously skilled and technically elaborate of poets, long suffered from the curious Augustan delusion that he was a kind of wild inspired lunatic, a belief that rubs off on some of the versions presented here. (Again, the selection irritates: those early Olympian odes for the umpteenth time, but where's Pythian 8, one of the most beautiful poems ever written?) Solon, conspicuous by his absence, clearly wasn't regarded by these editors as a poet at all, which suggests a cavalier indifference (confirmed elsewhere, as we'll see) to ancient attitudes.

Things are not really much better in drama: nothing at all from Aeschylus's *Persians* or *Suppliants*, or from Sophocles's *Philoctetes*, and fairly predictable offerings from the rest. Euripides gets a wider spread, but why no more than a couple of relatively undistinguished choral passages from the *Hippolytus*? Aristophanes, that cornucopia of bawdy wit and political wisdom (Plato regarded the plays of Aristophanes as the best road to understanding the Athenian constitution), yields a thin (and mostly unfunny) harvest, with just one brief extract from the beginning of the *Frogs*, and—the biggest surprise—nothing at all from the great debate in Hades between Aeschylus and Euripides, the earliest surviving piece of Greek literary criticism, in verse too, and these ultra-literary editors ignore it. What's wrong with them, for heaven's sake? I suspect a bias in favor of Latin: "'Small Latine'," they tell us, "is a more serious charge than 'less Greek'," and I don't think they're just being funny. Latin certainly does a good deal better, at least as regards its well-regarded authors. (Catullus, Virgil, Horace and Ovid are all heavily represented.) Yet even here the editors' whims can take one aback: two passages only from Propertius—arguably the greatest elegist of them all—and one of these as done over by Pound's *Homage*, which doesn't really count.

Such eccentricities of selection may well have been dictated, to a great extent, by the availability of what struck the editors as suitable equivalents. "The best of classical verse in the best of English translations: this has been our ideal." The first part of the claim, as we have seen, is a trifle specious. What about the second? As they make clear, our editors' notion of the best leans toward two periods: first, the stretch from the Tudors (Chapman, Golding, Surrey) to the Augustans (Pope, Dryden, Johnson); and second, the twentieth-century modernist movement that began with Pound. In between comes a "dark age," represented by those fearful old sentimental prudes, purveyors of cliché, and arbiters of ghastly good taste, the Romantics and Victorians (who, they don't seem to have noticed, provide some of the best, most original, metrically sophisticated and imaginative versions in this book).

They quote, as an unkind remark (but not disapprovingly), D.S. Carne-Ross's comment on *The Oxford Book of Greek Verse in Translation*, edited in 1938 by T.F. Higham and C.M. Bowra, that it offers "horrid evidence of what happens when people whose only claim is that they can read Greek, try to write English." They might have added that Higham's long analysis of the problems peculiar to translating Greek poetry remains the most helpful and informative discussion of this vexed topic in existence. But then help and information don't seem to come high on their list of priorities. At one level their own anthology constitutes a vigorous reaction against everything that its predecessor stood for: perhaps one reason—but not, I suspect, the only one—why they ignore Bowra's subtle and luminous version of Pindar.

Carne-Ross's comment, with its blend of envy and contempt, invites a question that Poole and Maule ignore—or have so completely made up their minds that they don't think it's worth mentioning. What, fundamentally, is the purpose of poetic translation, in particular of Greek and Latin classics? No accident, surely, that their two favorite periods are those in which translators (for very different reasons) have shown themselves blithely indifferent to the needs of those without access to the original texts. Certainly during the Augustan age, indeed for a privileged minority as late as the first decade of this century, those who turned classical into English verse (and conversely, a point of some importance, English into classical verse) could count on a limited, but still fairly extensive, audience of educated readers who knew Greek and Latin well, who had been through the same ancient

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authors at school, and who appreciated in translations, above all, an elegant exercise of what I call the Dryden Principle.

This principle, proclaimed by Dryden in the dedication of his *Aeneid* and elsewhere, is that all virtuoso embroidery and similar (often anachronistic) changes were really there, unspoken but implicit, in the ancient poet's text, "and that if he were living, and an Englishman, they are such as he would probably have written." Put less politely, what such a translator would be asking, with this literary mandate, is "What's in it for me?" Hence the present editors' partiality for contemporary translators, who, armed with weapons like the post-structural trashing of "authorial intentions," are busily raiding the past for useful stimuli to their own often less-than-adequate creative urges, and justifying such wholesale appropriation and revamping with the reminder that, after all, Shakespeare did just the same. As some wag once remarked, Milton, like God, helps those who help themselves.

What gets lost in all this busy self-promotion is the simple truth that classical translations, like all translations, get started as a remedy for linguistic ignorance. They do not exist, in the first instance, for the literary dandy who knows the original and can appreciate well-turned pastiche, but rather as a service to the majority for whom much of the European literary heritage would otherwise remain a closed book. The criteria of these two groups differ sharply. It is not hard to see how any Victorian student forced to render Shakespearian blank verse into Sophoclean iambics, or to recast Herrick as Ovidian love-elegy, would find nothing odd about the reverse process in, say, Pope's transmutation of Homer's rapid hexameters and archaic ethos into the stopped rhyming couplets and formal etiquette of *The Rape of the Lock*. ("A very pretty poem, Mr Pope," the great classical scholar Richard Bentley told him, "but you must not call it Homer." Just so.) The Latinless and Greekless reader, by contrast, will want to know not how clever the translator can be with a known original, but as near as can be just what the ancient poet said, how he (or, rarely, she) expressed it, what images, metaphors or rhythmic patterns he used, in what subtle ways he *differed* from modern perceptions or emotions.

One *reductio ad absurdum* of this last aim—included here, I suppose, as a curiosity—is Louis and Celia Zukovsky's version of Catullus 8, which tries to reproduce, as nearly as possible, the actual noise of Catullus's Latin words, and in the attempt generates surreal lines such as "Billowed in tumultuous joys and affianced," offering no more than tangential contact with the actual sense of the original. I suspect that this appealed to the editors as a way of subverting dull, straight communication by means of fashionable rococo fancy. That such is their primary aim (it enjoys widespread academic popularity) becomes abundantly clear from their introduction. As we have seen, their choice of periods is largely dictated by the degree to which each age's translators show themselves willing to take bold liberties with their originals. Here Abraham Cowley, in the preface to his *Pindarique Odes* (1656), provides them with a text du jour, inveighing against "exact *Imitation*; which being vile and unworthy kind of *Servitude*, is incapable of producing any thing good or noble."

In this area the Tudors, the Augustans and the modernists score highly. But the Victorians and their immediate successors ("the most funereal phase in the history of [the classics'] translation into English") are damned for the slavish fallacy of regarding fidelity to a classical author's intentions as paramount, certainly as more important than any missionary urge to "improve" them. This editorial policy is backed up with a plethora of nervous metaphors, past and present. We read of flags and smoke-signals, of revival, resurrection and redemption, of spiritual evaporation, of ghosts in need of blood, of damaged and touched-up goods, of fiduciary relationships, of shifting mirrors. Far too often, unfortunately, the smoke gets into the mirrors. The editors cite Dryden and Pope as having "fought to preserve the ferocity of their originals against the threat of refinement, of moralization and gentrification." Dryden? *Pope*? This is really perverse. If there are three better labels than these last for Pope's Homer, I can't think of them.

A far better candidate for such a role would be Hobbes, whose rumbustiously vigorous *Odyssey* (ignored by the editors) raised delicate Augustan eyebrows. Hobbes exactly catches Penelope's furious reproach to the treacherous maid Melantho: "Bold bitch, said she, I know what deeds you've done." This monosyllabic Anglo-Saxon bluntness was too much for Pope, who rendered the same line as "Loquacious insolent, she cries, forbear!", a flaccid euphemism that won the endorsement of Lord Woodhouselee in his *Essay on the Principles of Translation* (1790). His Lordship argued that frank epithets of the kind employed by Homer and Hobbes would sound extremely offensive in a lady "whom the poet painted as a model of female dignity and propriety," and that in consequence Pope had actually been "*more faithful* [my emphasis] to the sense of the original, by accommodating the expressions of the speaker to that character which a modern reader must conceive to belong to her." Dryden's Principle strikes again. Never mind about Homeric proprieties; Penelope must be remade for Augustan consumption, with a heavy dose of refinement, moralization and gentrification.

When we survey the whole history of classical translation, from the Renaissance (and even earlier) to the present day, one melancholy fact instantly strikes us, and it is exemplified with stunning clarity in the present volume. Whether a translator hopes to please himself, his friends, his contemporary audience, or (more rarely) to honor and to reproduce the alien genius of his author, the result is, at one level, always the same: whatever he comes up with will still reveal, with deadly accuracy, the idiom of his own age. During the last fifty years, this uncomfortable truth has been lost sight of, for two reasons. First, the enormous demand for accessible translations of the classics by a newly educated class without Latin or Greek put a brake on excessive metaphrastic fancy; and second, the rhymeless, flexible *vers libre* and long, rhythmic line popularized by Eliot and Pound offered a medium easily adaptable as an approximation to the epic hexameter (Day Lewis's Virgil, Lattimore's Homer) and, even more important, to choral lyric, above all in Greek drama (H.D., MacNeice and the Chicago Greek Tragedy series). But these were mere serendipitous accidents, today in the process of repudiation. Richmond Lattimore's *Iliad*, perhaps closer to Homer in every way than any other version made in English (and on that account now deemed insufficiently "creative"), finds no place in the present anthology.

A largely Greekless age would have to agree with Robert Bridges, who in *Ibant Obscuri* (1916) attacked the notion that "the best translations of Greek verse are those which make it seem to be most like well written conventional English verse." Emphasizing the alien quality of Homer's world and poetry, he stated flatly: "If an English reader, who is unable to read Greek, is to get a glimpse of what Homer is like, he must read something which does *not* remind him of Milton or Pope or Tennyson or Swinburne, because Homer does not do this." It will be interesting, then, to compare a well-

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known Homeric passage, the opening of the *Iliad*, in a representative survey of translations.

First, Chapman and Pope:

Achilles' baneful wrath resound,
O Goddesse, that imposd
Infinite sorrowes on the Greekes, and many
brave soules losd
From breasts Heroique—sent them farre
to that invisible cave
That no light comforts; and their lims
to dogs and vultures gave.
To all which Jove's will gave effect;
from whom first strife begunne
Betwixt Atrides, king of men, and Thetis'
godlike Sonne.
(Chapman)

Achilles' wrath, to Greece the direful
spring
Of loves unnumber'd, heavenly Goddess,
sing!
That wrath which hurl'd to Pluto's gloomy
reign
The souls of mighty chiefs untimely slain:
Whose limbs, unburied on the naked
shore,
Devouring dogs and hungry vultures tore:
Since great Achilles and Atrides strove,
Such was the sovereign doom, and such
the will of Jove.
(Pope)

Both these versions are primarily redolent of their own period. (Pope's final Alexandrine is particularly aggressive.) Both employ rhyme, which is not only un-Homeric but also forces them to stray from their strict text. (Chapman's "invisible cave / That no light comforts" and Pope's "unburied on the naked shore" are both gratuitous additions.) Both, irritatingly but in the spirit of their age, Latinize "Zeus" into "Jove." Neither of them sticks to Homer's line-count: Chapman's sprawling fourteeners lose a line, while Pope's stopped heroic couplets add one.

Matthew Arnold (another of the editors' bugbears) pointed out—and it is a truism that should not have needed saying—that Homer's verse and matter are rapid, plain, direct and noble. He went on to remind us that all previous translations had failed to meet some or all of these criteria, including not only Chapman and Pope, but also Cowper, who wrote in what was to become the most popular medium of all blank verse. Yet blank verse likewise created false associations, this time with Shakespeare, Milton, Tennyson and, in Greek, the iambic trimeter of tragedy. Those who know George Saintsbury's marvelous *History of English Prosody* (1923) will be aware that much of the trouble lay in dealing with Homer's downhill dactylic line in a language that was resolutely uphill and iambic—not to mention the awkward fact that English, unlike Greek or Latin, has no fixed vowel quantities, operating instead entirely by stress and accent. Arnold prescribed accentual hexameters for Homer, and C.S. Calverley met the challenge:

Sing, O daughter of heaven, of Peleus' son,
of Achilles,
Him whose terrible wrath brought
thousand woes on Achaia:
Many a stalwart soul did it hurl untimely
to Hades,
Souls of the heroes of old: and their bones
lay strown on the sea-sands,
Prey to the vulture and dog. Yet was Zeus
fulfilling a purpose,
Since that far-off day when in hot strife
parted asunder
Atreus' sceptred son, and the chosen
of heaven, Achilles.

This is Homeric, all right: unfortunately no one can defy English prosodic laws for long. (Calverley wisely gave up before the end of Book I.) A stress hexameter minus its metrical counterpoint soon flattens like a punctured tire, and some modification had to be found. Half a century ago Cecil Day Lewis began to experiment with a much more flexible six-beat line for Virgil. But it was Richmond Lattimore who triumphantly adapted this solution to Homer in 1951, in a translation that still holds its own:

Sing, goddess, the anger of Peleus' son
Achilleus
and its devastation, which put pains
thousandfold on the Achaians,
hurled in their multitudes to the
house of Hades strong souls
of heroes, but gave their bodies
to be the delicate feasting
of dogs, of all birds, and the will of Zeus
was accomplished
since that time when first there stood
in division of conflict
Atreus' son the lord of men and brilliant
Achilleus.

American academics, most of whom seem to have a tin ear for rhythmic or metrical subtleties, find this version hard to cope with (students love it), and much prefer the version by Robert Fitzgerald, which reverts to strict, unimaginative and rather labored blank verse. (I can almost hear Fitzgerald desperately counting syllables as he goes.) The latest offering, by Robert Fagles, attempts a tactful compromise: Lattimore's rhythms shortened and simplified to a point where they're as manageable as Fitzgerald. Not surprisingly, Fagles and Fitzgerald both get a shot at Homer here, while Lattimore, the true self-effacing pioneer, is palmed off with a few scraps of lyric and elegy.

For whom, then, is this self-indulgent anthology intended? Or rather, who will get most out of it? The most obvious candidate—now as in earlier ages—will be the fancier of literary pastiche. With

Elegy for a Secret Agent

for W.H. Auden, 1907-1973

He'd memorized the maps and the difficult
Sometimes almost impossible language
Of the Other Country, had managed to dress himself
After their fashion, had schooled his hands and tongue
To lilt to their barbarous music, to match their moods
And manners, but had trained his voice
To be the last to laugh, the first to fall silent.

His disguise (perfection itself) had kept him safe
Where his anonymous silhouette could linger
Near places ordinarily forbidden
Or invisible to all but the Chosen Few.
At hidden installations, by dead zones,
He taught his eyes and ears (Loose Talk Saves Lives!)
To lip-read even the secrets of sealed lips.

He'd learned always to ask what spies must know:
Where are my friends? Where are my enemies?
Where *am* I? So one morning against a wall,
Amused by the pockmarked, polyglot graffiti,
Pallid and gauzy-eyed, his code unbroken,
He found the answers—*Everywhere, Everywhere,*
Everywhere—proof against Otherworldly fire.

DAVID WAGONER

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the abandonment of Greek and Latin verse composition, this is a dying breed, but it survives here and there, mostly in classics and comp. lit. departments. Still, hardly a solid market. Who else? Presumably all the bright literary butterflies eager to polish up their chit-chat on the *Nachleben* of classical poets. They will certainly get their money's worth from this book: large enough chunks of Golding, Chapman, Pope and Dryden to avoid the need to read them *in toto* (a mind-numbing experience, as I can attest); quotable oddities by just about everyone from Chaucer to Tennyson; some nice experiments in dialect (Robert Garioch's Hesiodic winter, breathing the very air of the frozen, windswept granite Highlands, is a treat); and, to show a proper up-to-the-minute spirit, contributions by Tony Harrison and Wole Soyinka.

And yet, as an inveterate pastiche-fancier and classical verse-composer myself, I find much here to niggle at. I'm glad room was found for a chunk of Richard Stanyhurst's eccentric Elizabethan *Aeneid* (in strict accented hexameters, too), but the editors could have done far better with Dido than Polyphemus, especially on the levanting Aeneas: "Quod she, shall hee scape thus? Shall a stranger giue me the slampam? / Wíth such départúre my regal segnorye frumping?" If they want to regale us with reworkings of Horace in modern terms, why leave out the best and subtlest of them all, Donald Hall's "Horsecollar" odes, now gathered together in *The Museum of Clear Ideas*? If the idea of including twenty mushy Sapphic stanzas of Swinburne (which don't happen to be a translation or adaptation of anything) was to prove by example how hopeless the Victorian attitude to classical poetry was, why omit A.E. Housman's immortal "Fragment of a Greek Tragedy"?

Housman's work not only does the job better and more wittily, it also offers a devastating criticism, again by example, of the linguistic problems involved. The reader is left wondering uneasily just how far the grotesque pseudo-literalism is merely bad translationese ("Oh, I am smitten with a hatchet's jaw, / And that in deed and not in word alone"), and how far it may hint at fundamental defects in Greek dramatic conventions of expression—defects that our latter-day idealizers are determined to ignore or to explain away. But this kind of thing demands at least three minutes' thought, and, as Housman said on another occasion, thought is irksome and three minutes is a long time.

And what about the general reader, with a fair literary background but no direct knowledge of the classical language or literature? Anyone who picks up this book under the impression that it will offer enlightenment on, or a sampling of, anything really resembling what the major Greek and Roman poets actually wrote, is in for a disappointment. Homer, Sophocles, Virgil, Horace, Juvenal and the rest may technically be present, yet they remain as unrecognizable as guests at a masked ball. Elizabethan gallants with lute and love-song jostle sharp Metaphysical wits, with here a fin-de-siècle aesthete and there a rakish Poundian pirate. Confusion is further confounded by the way each classical name-tag keeps getting attached to new costumes.

At times, it's true, the fancy dress can be evocative, as in Douglas Young's use of Lallans for Sappho, whose own Aeolic dialect is broad enough to justify the experiment ("the leaves are soughan wi the breeze,/ and sleep faas drappan doun"). But then Young tries the same trick with Catullus, who (like any city boy) looks ridiculous in kilt and sporran. The trouble with too many of these contributions is that they fall into the category so nicely expressed by a title of Cowley's: "An Ode of Horace, not exactly copyed, but rudely imitated." "Rudely" is right. The editors have missed some golden opportunities, too. They know C.S. Calverley, but balk at those great striding hexameters of his, the ones that make Longfellow look flat and fuddy-duddy. If they were sincere about the revitalization of poetry they would have given extracts from Jane Joyce's superb version of Lucan. Their whole approach is vitiated by a lack of historical (as opposed to literary) insight into the true social and cultural evolution of classical translation down the centuries.

At heart this is a very English, not to say parochial, enterprise. It has its roots in the same never-never-land as Shakespeare's Illyria or Padua: despite some foreign posturing, these Mediterranean wines are domesticated into familiar home-brewed beers. In *The Taming of the Shrew* it is finally Christopher Sly the tinker who has to be accommodated. He might not read this book, but he would surely have approved it in principle: it is, after all, not all that much to do with Dionysus.

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TRB *continued from page 4*

of a GOP "revolution" is a fraud. He just can't tell the rest of us yet. But his smirk is Dole's way of saying that just seven items make up 75 percent of what government does—Social Security, Medicare, Medicaid, military and civil service pensions, defense and interest. Dole knows the freshman pretenders wouldn't "roll back" any of it; at best, they'd slow its growth while seeking trophies like Commerce and the NEA.

Despite intervals of tactical duplicity, Dole has walked the walk on the budget for years. He helped patch Social Security in the early 1980s. He led the drive to raise taxes after 1981 to reverse Reagan's colossal fiscal mistake. In 1985, he walked his party off the cliff with votes to shave Social Security cost-of-living allowances that cost the GOP its Senate majority. In 1988, he gave up the brass ring by refusing to sign a no-tax pledge in New Hampshire. In the White House, Dole would have unique standing to ask fellow seniors to answer "one last call to serve" on entitlement reform. It's not hard to imagine a President Dole explaining to veterans why empty V.A. hospitals should be shuttered; indeed, it's hard to imagine who else could do it. Ditto for Palm Beach retirees and means-testing.

To be sure, Dole's no saint. He stiffed Clinton on health and the budget when bipartisanship was needed; his right-wing pandering can turn your stomach; his bitterness, born of early loss, leaves him harsh and graceless at times.

But, then, we're not looking for sanctity. What we need is a politician who can summon us beyond alienation and denial to face our problems. It's too soon to know if Dole's capable of inspiration. But the role history has assigned him is audacious. Dole's "last mission" is to make his party safe again for Nixonian Republicanism, the moderate, pragmatic spirit that brought us the EPA, OSHA, Pat Moynihan's incomes policy and a call for universal health care. Who knows? Old-fashioned Republicanism could make for more social progress than "big government is over" Clintonism, too cowed now to draw notice to 40 million uninsured Americans in a State of the Union.

Maybe it's impossible in the age of Ralph Reed. And Clinton may be unbeatable. So if Dole loses in November, here's another idea—make him Treasury Secretary: entitlements czar for 1997. The ultimate test of Bob Dole's character and patriotism may lie in whether he's ready to answer that final call.

MATTHEW MILLER

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NEW YORK DIARIST

Debut

I DO NOT QUITE REMEMBER WHEN the fantasy actually began. I do remember that my mother took me, as a very young child, to Carnegie Hall to hear a performance of Sergei Prokofiev's *Peter and the Wolf*, with Eleanor Roosevelt as the narrator. And, many years later, my own children gave me a baton. Was this present, I wondered, a not-too-subtle comment on my attempt to conduct their lives? Or were they simply recognizing a bit sardonically the *kappelmeister* aspect of my imagined life? In any case, I have not yet ascended to the musical podium. But I did finally make it to Avery Fisher Hall in Lincoln Center, to narrate a serious piece of music, a very serious piece.

LEON BOTSTEIN, THE CONDUCTOR of the American Symphony Orchestra (who is also president of Bard College), says that I suggested myself. I recall that he asked me. He is probably correct, though I must have been somewhat tentative and embarrassed about the request. In any case, he said yes. That was late spring. The concert took place last Friday night, January 26. The orchestra and the University of Maryland Chorus performed Felix Mendelssohn's Second Symphony, the hymnal *Lobgesang*. Yo-Yo Ma was soloist in the long-neglected Cello Concerto by Berthold Goldschmidt, a Jewish refugee from Nazism and, at 94, still living in London and enjoying the revival of his work along with that of Erich Korngold and other "degenerate" composers.

AND ME? I DID THE RATHER COMplicated recitative to Arnold Schoenberg's *Kol Nidre*, which premiered in Los Angeles just before *Kristallnacht* in 1938. Nearly a century earlier Tolstoy had heard the traditional Kol Nidre chant, the opening liturgy of the Yom Kippur service, characterizing it as "one that echoes the story of the great martyrdom of a grief-stricken nation." That is certainly what you hear in the great operatic cantors. But this melody seems to echo even in non-Jewish composers, twice in Beethoven and, of course, in the cello concerto, called *Kol Nidre*, by Max Bruch. These tones are not much heard (or they are disguised) in Schoenberg, who explained to a friend, the composer Paul Dessau, that he aspired in his version to "vitriolize out the cello-sentimentality of the Bruchs. . . . " He did.

KOL NIDRE HAS LIVED A CONTROversial life in Jewish history, and its logic certainly mystifies worshipers on their first serious encounter with the text. Yom Kippur is the awesome day, the last day of the "ten days of awe," when Jews atone for their transgressions, including their violations of vows and oaths. Why would the first declaration of the service be a renunciation of pledges and promises? There are prosaic explanations: the Jewish tradition takes such promises seriously, and people should not be held liable for obligations lightly or recklessly assumed or for circumstances that change their meanings. But there was nothing prosaic about the historical career of Kol Nidre. Oliver Cromwell was reluctant to readmit the Jews to England, for example, because he feared that Kol Nidre nullifies otherwise solemn commitments; but Rabbi Menassah ben Israel, a friend of Rembrandt's and a subject of his portraits, overcame his objections.

CROMWELL'S ANXIETIES HINTED AT the weighty undertone of Kol Nidre. In many countries in Europe, in the early and high Middle Ages, Jews had converted to other religions under coercion and duress but remained hidden or secret Jews, what we call, after the Spanish Inquisition, *Marranos*. For them, Kol Nidre was a consolation: it attested that their oaths to power did not override their oaths to God, that they were still Jews and that, as the chant assures, the congregation is "permitted to pray with those who have transgressed." This is why Kol Nidre, these words which begin in whisper but end resonant and deep, draws the most remote Jews to the synagogue on Yom Kippur, or at least makes them conscious that they are not there. It is their fragile link to a chain of believing from which they are pleased to be distant but with which they are not prepared to break.

THIS CONVEYS SOMETHING OF what Kol Nidre meant to Schoenberg. He had converted to Protestantism when still a young man. And so he refers to himself in the lines (his own revision of the traditional Aramaic text) which I intoned:

> We solemnly proclaim
> that every transgressor,
> be it that he was unfaithful to Our
> People because of fear . . .
> out of weakness or greed:
> we give him leave
> to be one with us in prayer tonight.

HE WROTE THIS A FULL FIVE YEARS after he had formally "come back," a full five years after Nazism had seized power in Berlin and driven him from the Europe which was his home. Europe, he already knew, could not be home to Jews. And so a vast disorder affects his life and his music. His Kol Nidre is not actually atonal, though it bears the weight of dissonance and cataclysm—and of some hope. Again the conviction that repentant sinners, returning apostates, can be counted in the community of the faithful:

> Whatever binds us to falsehood
> may be absolved, released, annulled,
> made void and of no power.

In some Jewish traditions worshipers are actually obliged to pray with penitent transgressors.

THE PIECE BEGINS with an orchestral prelude which, as Schoenberg's biographer Willi Stein writes, "rises from the depths of darkness." Indeed, it does. The first few measures are a sinister quotation from Wagner. In this Kol Nidre, then, Wagner sets the perilous framework of history. Schoenberg had spoken of Wagner and Wagnerianism in a 1935 speech for the Hebrew University: "It was not the destiny of Jews to develop like Wagner desired. It was not our destiny to disappear." Like Bach and Handel, Schoenberg wrote a believer's music but, of course, not just for believers: the opera *Moses and Aaron*, choral pieces for Psalms, an ode to Jerusalem, the melodrama *A Survivor from Warsaw*. They are of a piece, intellectually and musically, with the Kol Nidre, and they are strangely confident. Frankly, there is something quite heady in declaiming Schoenberg's Kol Nidre lyric words in dialogue with a powerful chorus, alternating the plaintive with the assertive and the plaintive again. The last "we repent" is at once human and celestial.

I DON'T WANT TO PRETEND TO knowing all that much. I don't, although I now know more than I knew before I rehearsed under Botstein. Still, I do have a sonorous voice, capable of some nuance; and I can read where I am supposed to come in; and I can pace myself, I have no doubt, even to Schoenbergian meter. So I am looking for work. I would like to do *Peter and the Wolf* and Copeland's *A Lincoln Portrait* and Bernstein's *Kaddish*. A little presumptuous? Well, yes. But why not? The imperfect are welcome in the congregation. Kol Nidre says so.

MARTIN PERETZ

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In Tennessee, Britanny Johnson and her mother, Kathy, attend classes together through Families for Learning, a program sponsored by Toyota.

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